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EVE'S WEEKLY

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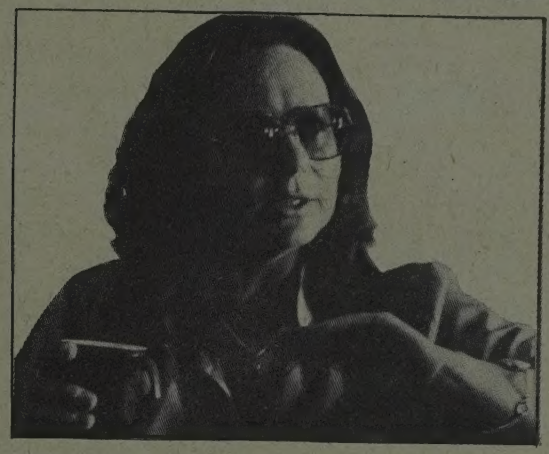
THIS WEEK

NOT SO DIPLOMATIC

Amita Malik on the trials, tribulations and jubilations of our diplomats abroad. Like visiting vegetarian MPs who expect home-made dosas and puris the-morning-after-the-Lido. And tepid orange and tomato juice instead of Scotch and Napoleon brandy in Delhi. And long black limousines looking like a Mafia funeral.
Page 10.



FEMINISM IN FILMS

An interview with Jutta Bruckner, a Berlin film maker, who has been touring the major cities of India with a package of feminist films:
"It's very important for us to express our anguish, our real need. . ."
Page 20.

NOT SUCH A GOOD LIFE

Foreign service wives tell it like it is, as they see it, and parry questions about whether life in the I.F.S. is really as tough as it is made out to be by those who are in it.
Page 12.

THE I.F.S CONDEMNED

By no less an authority than the Supreme Court of India. The crime: discrimination against women. A report on the petition filed by the senior-most woman in the Foreign Service.
Page 15.

ALSO

Plans for the children of Jammu and Kashmir — **Page 43** On To Better Pictures: A brief course in creative photography, beginning this week — **Page 45** Elections Indian Style: Cartoons by Mario from a forthcoming book — **Page 47** Film Interview: Kaajal Kiron — **Page 23** Woman in Focus: Nalini Chagla — **Page 25** Playground for Billu: Children's story — **Page 32.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, What's New/**25**, Comics/**27**, Human Interest Story /**29**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**34**, Young Viewpoint/**39**, Passing Through/**41**, Story/**48**, Hiya Honey/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**58**, Horoscope/**58**.

Dawn streaks the sky with gold. A million voices rise in homage.

Worship takes as many forms, as the people of India. As music and dance. As living sculptures on ancient walls. As an offering of flowers and incense and flickering oil lamps.

A sweeping stream of faith

From the sacred ice lingam of Lord Shiva at Amarnath in Kashmir to the Meenakshi temple at Madurai, with its hall of thousand pillars. From the fabled temple of Somnath to the 500 temples of Bhubaneswar—where once 7000 flourished. Everywhere in India you will see symbols of a deep faith.

In the footsteps of Buddha

The message of the enlightened one grows in strength through stupas and monasteries and cave wonders. The Bodhi tree at Bodh Gaya. The celestial nymphs at Ajanta, the stupa at Sanchi. Prayer flags fluttering in an evening breeze at Ladakh.

The way of the Guru

Gurdwaras dot the landscape across the country, calling the proud and exuberant Sikhs to the way of the Gurus. Be it at the Golden Temple at Amritsar or remote snow heights of Hemkund Sahib near the Valley of Flowers.

Call to the faithful

The call of the muezzin echoes from a tall minaret, a thousand heads bow in silent prayer. The faithful throng to the edifices of a living faith, at the Dargah at Ajmer, the Jama Masjid at Delhi, the tomb of Salim Chisti at Fatehpur Sikri.

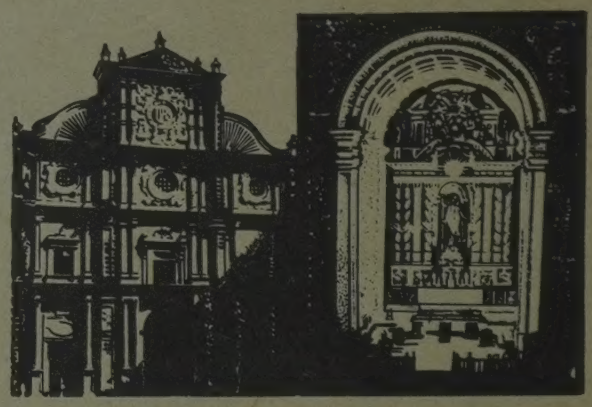
The path of the Saviour

As early as the 1st century A.D. St. Thomas gave the world its first churches in Madras. Ever since, the path to salvation has led to the white-washed churches of Kerala and Goa. To the Cathedral of Velha Goa, where St. Francis Xavier lies embalmed, and thousands of other destinations.

Reverence for life

Mahavira took the path to austerity and founded a faith based on four fundamental virtues. His teachings are followed by millions and are enshrined in monuments like the Jain temples at Dilwara at Mount Abu, Palitana, Ranakpur and Calcutta.

Come to a holiday with history. You'll find a lot more to extend your stay.



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Pilgrim's Progress

YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

A NEW CHILDHOOD

Children may always be children but childhood has changed dramatically over the last ten years or so. With so much of fuss about the 'child' and its 'year', we should take another look at some aspects of childhood. Just look at the toys children play with, the clothes they wear and the books or comics they read. The way they are brought up and their environment at school and outside, bear little relationship to their parents' own childhood.

Toys — a few years ago a girl was content with a cute little doll that blinked its eyes and said 'mama', and the boy had a toy train. But now, the appeal is totally different. Dolls are there for both boys and girls, action (male) dolls or busty, glamorous dolls.

Clothes — today designers agonise for months as they restyle their collections. Clothes used to be pretty much the same season after season. But not so anymore. Earlier, boys didn't really care about clothes. But now? Their attitude to clothes has changed altogether. Their clothes, in fact, are much more varied than girls'.

Books — gone are the days of simple folk tales and stories of kings and queens of long ago. Action comics are in: innocent heroines have been replaced by nubile blondes with sweeping, sooty eyelashes and luscious lips; and the plots centre on the invincible, square-shouldered hulk of masculinity whose face appears to have been hewn from stone. Girls, with no exception, are also ardent readers of these comic strips.

Whether "childhood" will survive a few years hence, is absolutely unpredictable. We may not call it 'The Year of The Child' once again, but we will be ever conscious of childhood because the concept will keep changing by leaps and bounds, totally undoing our past.

INDIRA ANANTHAKRISHNAN
New Delhi.

The world has changed and, with it, our old ideas of what should or shouldn't be. But, if you think childhood has vanished because of different toys or new male fashions, you are on the wrong track. In fact, a lot of the stereotyped concepts need to change — we'll be the better for it.

2nd PRIZE

HUSBANDS' YEAR

During recent years, women libbers have become quite active and are trying to awaken the masses from their age-old dormancy. The celebration of International Women's Year was, in fact, to make women all over the world aware of their rights and to raise their voices against male-dominated society. But in their apathy, the men in this country, who have been reared in a privileged atmosphere and accept the old traditions and customs of our society like 'karva chauth', have not changed a bit. Although spinsters have the liberty of doing and thinking 'to some extent', the married women are still bound by age-old chains of traditions and customs. They cannot move about in society against their husbands' wishes. So, why not celebrate an "International Year of Husbands" to educate them through mass media and other sources on how to adjust with their educated wives and give them equal opportunities of thinking and working?

AMITA GULATI, New Delhi

We had a complete Special Issue on Men's Liberation, with this in view. But an 'International Year' is not going to do the trick. These international years are meant to focus on the weak and the downtrodden, and the men do not fit into either category...

3rd PRIZE

CAREER VS FAMILY

In this fast-progressing world, it is gratifying that the women of India are also competing very well. Now all young girls plan out their future distinctly because they do not want to be cooped up in the house. But then, an important question arises: can a working woman be a successful mother?

In India there is still a very close attachment between the members of a family; most of us have grown up in this loving atmosphere and would like to have such families, too! A mother's love is indispensable. Several cases have come to light where the children of working mothers have become bereft of coherent thought, picked up bad habits and company. Moreover, leaving the child in the care of a servant is often dangerous unless the servant is completely reliable.

Suggestions like a grandmother's care or a part-time job have been put forward (but this is not possible in all professions); or that a mother should be at home till the child is three. But even during the adolescent stage a child is exposed to so many influences and has to be given correct guidance. What about a girl who chooses to be a doctor? She can't give up her practice and it would be unfair if she had to choose between her family and profession.

What advice would you give the teenagers of today, before they step out into this world and choose their line?

ANUJA DOKRAS, Bombay

What makes you think that children of working mothers have become "bereft of coherent thought"? That is rather a naive and irresponsible statement usually made by soured housewives and dominating husbands, and parroted by others. But, we think teenagers today know better If a girl chooses to be a doctor, she has to manage both her home and her profession after setting her priorities right.

THE VOICE OF PROTEST

This year more than 100 women have burned to death in northern India. A substantial number were the apparent victims of husbands or in-laws, dissatisfied with the dowries they received. Many were murdered in their kitchens while cooking, to make their deaths appear accidental. Feminists have tried to prod parliament and the police into cracking down on the dowry hunters who can be convicted under the Dowry Prohibition Act of 1961 and face six months in jail and Rs. 5000 fine. But it is tragic that this statute has been widely ignored by the police. This is evident from the fact that during this year convictions were made only in less than a dozen cases of bride burning. Keeping in view all this, some activists, like attorney Kapila Hingorani, have even called for the creation of family courts to settle family disputes that can become murderous. Parliament is also expected to consider stiffer penalities for dowry hunters. But the success of the anti-dowry drive depends largely on the willingness of wives to complain publicly. Unless the women shed all notions of shame and fear and take up cudgels openly against the dowry hunters and protest that brides are not for burning, this barbaric crime will continue.

VINOD BEHL, New Delhi

Legislation is all very well. But, to make rules and regulations really work, there must be strong voices of protest from all quarters. Yes, women must come forward to protest, but unless enlightened and educated men join forces with them, not much can be achieved.

Mothers!

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READERS' VOICE

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EDIBLE OILS

The article, "A Matter of Fat" by Krishna Basrur (Consumer Awareness, November 10) was a very knowledgeable article. She has discussed various aspects of edible oils. One is curious to know how refined oil is made. It would have been enlightening if she had also discussed this and what the nutritive value of refined oil is. Also, simple home tests for detecting adulteration of oils could have been given.

SUREKHA P. MALLYA, Baroda.

BEAUTY VS. HEALTH

Ramma Bans, in her article, "Fasting For Health" (November 10), has given advice on slimming only from a beautician's point of view, ignoring the health point of view. Her advice regarding consumption of more vegetables is all very well, but I doubt if any qualified dietician would agree with her advice to slimmers to go on crash diets to reduce weight. This is not only temporary but has its ill-effects.

An obese individual is advised to go on a reducing diet never less than 1000 calories, which is the safest minimum recommended by dieticians. This helps to bring about an average weight loss of 1½ - 2 kg. per week, or about 4 kgs. a month. More drastic weight loss is inadvisable because of the various side-effects and the temporary nature of the cure. Moreover, the author seems to be under a misconception that honey may be used safely on a reducing diet, which is totally wrong. Honey is equivalent to sugar in carbohydrates and calorie content and these are the very items to be avoided on a reducing diet.

MADHU NATH, New Delhi.

ANY TAKERS?

The tips to housewives on the safer use of cooking gas (November 17) by Rajat Mitra and Akhil Kumar Das were welcome. One point they have missed out it the need for scientists/technicians to invent a metre for the gas cylinder. It is a pity that at a time when so much progress has been made in the scientific field, no one has managed to invent a metre for the domestic gas cylinder! In the midst of the hustle and bustle of kitchen chores, off goes the gas without any warning and you can imagine the sorry plight of the housewife.

I, on my part, as humble token of gratitude, offer Rs. 101 to any one who invents a metre for the domestic gas cylinder. This offer of mine has been open since January '77, but unfortunately no one has ventured to come forward to claim it.

K. P. RAJAN, Bombay.

DIVORCE IS PERFECTLY NORMAL

Kamlesh Nischol's article "Is divorce the answer?" (November 17) was very well written. A mature, intelligent and educated person is bound to rebel at a wrong partnership. But in our society compromise is considered to be the panacea for marital disharmony and any rift between a married couple is frowned upon. Success in a marriage is unpredictable, like our monsoons — in fact a successful marriage is an exception rather than the rule. When there is a parting of ways between two people who can't tune well with each other, I don't understand why it should result in misery, tension and social hullabaloo. Divorce is a perfectly normal method of releasing oneself from the suffocation of a wrong marriage.

JAYA CHOHAN, Secunderabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JAN. 19

JOB RESERVATIONS

There has been a lot of hue and cry over job reservations for scheduled castes and tribes. There is a growing feeling among people involved in women's welfare that a similar reservation of jobs for women is necessary if women are to join the economic mainstream.

SHAKESPEAREANA REVISITED

A talk with Jennifer Kapoor about the good old days of the Kendalls' theatre troupe.

TEENAGERS, HAVING A PARTY?

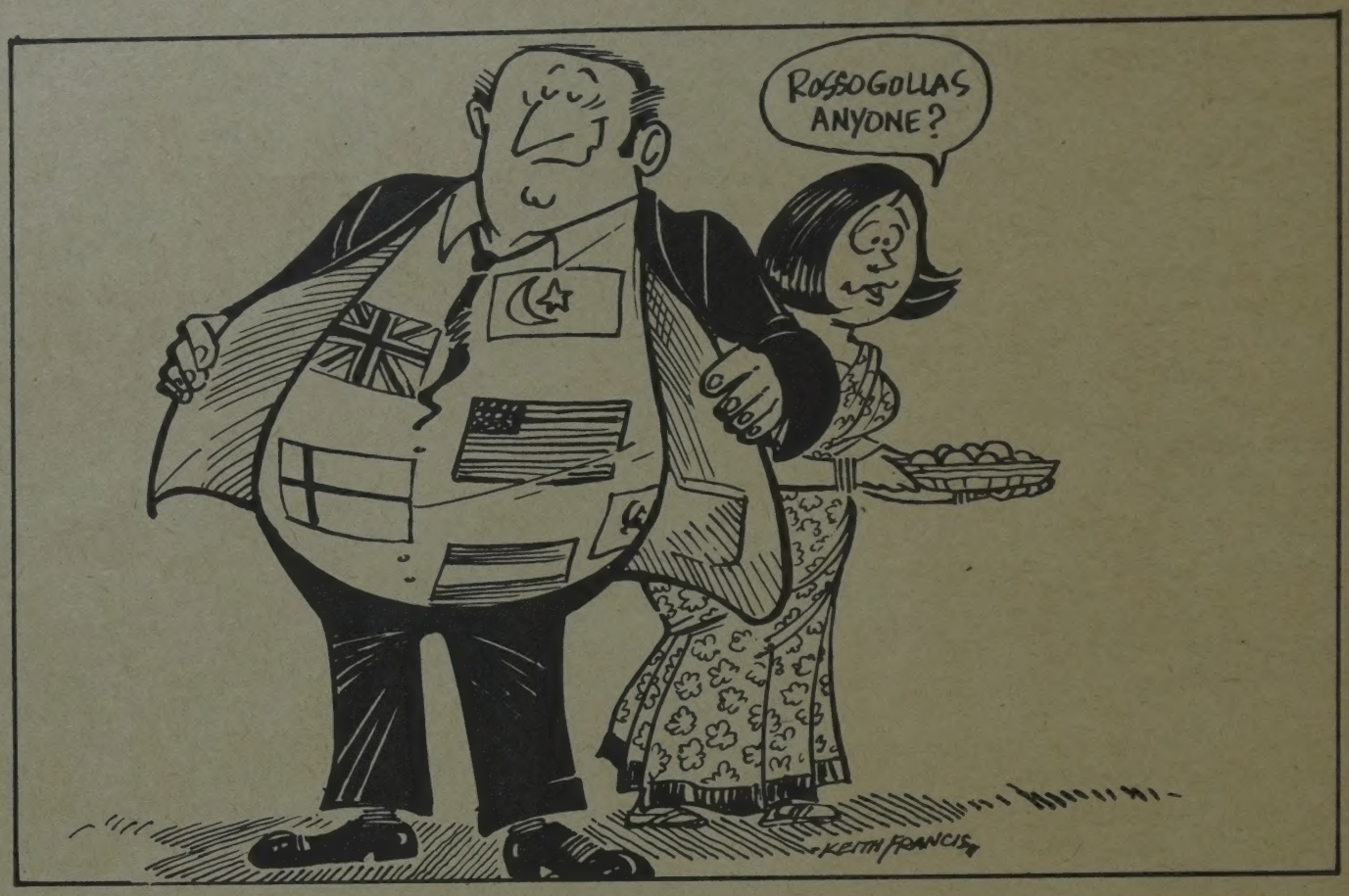
Wait till you have gone through the several unique ideas for theme parties in our next issue!

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, 1980

Come February there will be a solar eclipse, complete in some parts of India and partial in others. Don't miss it.

Plus all our regular features.

INDIA ABROAD



AMITA MALIK turns a quizzical eye on our diplomats and finds them, on the whole, "an amiable and efficient lot", who "have, by and large, kept the tricolour flying and even managed a reasonably authorised rendering of Jana Gana Mana after hoisting the flag on Republic Day at some lonely Indian outpost"

The last time I was up at the National Academy of Administration in Mussoorie, our foreign service probationers were terribly down in the mouth.

It seems that thoughtful pappas and mammas now consider it much more worthwnile to invest a lakh or two more in a dowry for a son-in-law frcm the Indian Aministrative Service, who would sooner than later be the king of his little district in Kerala or dispensing coveted export licences in Delhi, or Madhya Pradesh. A low second place was given by parents with marriageable daughters to some distant, impoverished second secretary in a hot spot like Uganda or some small African capital buzzing with tse-tse flies. Most discouraging for visiting mothers-in-law in search of giant mixers, Intimate perfume and esoteric horns for their cars.

In fact, teething troubles in the IFS have now shifted to such taxing problems as a romance between an IFS girl and an IFS boy or, much more disastrous, between an IAS girl and an IFS boy. The Indian Government is more accommodating than most about posting husband and wife to the same diplomatic post, and seldom the hardship ones. Even if they are posted in London and Paris, it is much easier to commute than between Bhopal and Buenos Aires. Besides, Indian tradition being what it is, there was an even more momentous problem once when a husband and wife finally managed to get posted to the same prized station but it was discovered that the wife was senior in service to the husband. Ultimately, the wife stood down, in the best traditions of Sita, Savitri and Shakuntala, and worked under her husband.

Liberated IFS women, such as the topmost Indian woman diplomat, the splendid and indomitable Miss Muthamma, are baying at the moon, it seems, even if she won the case for equality for women in the Foreign Service before the Supreme Court. Male chauvinism, which has created this new IFS caste system in India, dies very hard.

However, all said and done, our diplomats are an amiable and efficient lot. Some of them have since written their memoirs and seem to have raced madly from cocktails with Hollywood tycoons to ranch barbecues in Argentina, and actually found time to look at code cables from the Foreign Office in between perpetual sips and bites of vodka, caviar, champagne and **pate de foie gras.** And they have, by and large, kept the tricolour flying and even managed a reasonably authorised rendering of Jana Gana Mana after hoisting the flag on Republic Day at some lonely Indian outpost.

Some of them first served as Directors of External Publicity at headquarters and have painted a better image of India abroad than koi-hai style ambassadors who mostly spend their mornings at the Golf Club discussing problems of state while flicking off a quick birdie (some of them play lovely golf too). If their evenings are mostly spent fighting off the DT's at their sixth official reception, at least very few Indian ambassadors have ended up as alcoholics. Although, to be fair, I have attended an official reception where an Indian ambassador's wife, completely stoned, gave hell to foreign correspondents for being pro-Pakistani, pro-American, pro-Russian, pro-Chinese, pro-British, pro-French and anti-Arab, anti-African and anti-Indian. Staunch upholders of non-alignment, our diplomatic wives. The Counsellors' wives, on the other hand, placate all and sundry by importing tonnes of **masala** and **barhis** and Alphonso mangoes, and maintaining enviable tables, no matter where.

But, alas, a really hard time is had by the wives of press attaches because Indian press attaches, like chauffeurs at Indian missions, are among the lowest paid in the world. Yet hordes of vegetarian MP's descend on them, expecting home-made **dosas** and **puris** the-morning-after-the-Lido, more likely than not on the poor press attache's non-existent expense account. Thirsty Indian correspondents expect pink champagne to wash down their **tandoori** chicken and visiting scribes a bottle of scotch in their hotel room, free transport and an instant interview with the Prime Minister or President — it's not half as easy to get PMs for interviews outside of India, especially if you are an Indian.

Visiting teetotalling and vegetarian ministers, on the other hand, expect her to find a parking place for her small babies, while she takes the VVIP shopping for nylon georgette at cut-throat prices, Intimate perfume and cut glass for serving **dahi** and **rosogollahs** for his wife, a walkie-talkie doll for his granddaughter and a see-through

nightie for his girl-friend — described, however, at Marks and Spencer's as his wife, daughter or sister-in-law, depending on his gray hairs.

Then there are the official receptions, as obligatory as the expense accounts to be filed periodically to headquarters. This is when a starched maid and a tail-coated butler are hired to pass the drinks, while the First Secretary's wife lends her cook or ayah to fry hundreds of **pakoras** and **samosas** in a smoke-filled kitchen. Half the Indian guests are vegetarians and insist on vegetable samosas as compensation for the meat samosas for foreigners. They also expect gallons of tomato ketchup to go with them.

However, the Embassy children are among the best looking children in the world and do rather well at passing round the eats.

What is more, they do it for free and enjoy themselves, unlike the children of an American diplomat whom I once thanked for doing the same: "You bet," they replied, "but Mom's paying us five dollars an hour."

The Indian diplomat's seventh heaven comes with the super car he acquires abroad, whether a long black limousine looking like a Mafia funeral or a tiny red beetle, much fancied by women diplomats, who have also been noticed filling up their own petrol tanks in socialistic Moscow without spilling a drop on their gold Banaras saris. Indian women diplomats and wives of diplomats are super drivers, law-abiding and likely to stop the traffic if on their way to a palace or castle in their best Kanjivaram sarees and antique **jhumkas.** They are instantly recognized as maharanis and act as such, with truly regal poise.

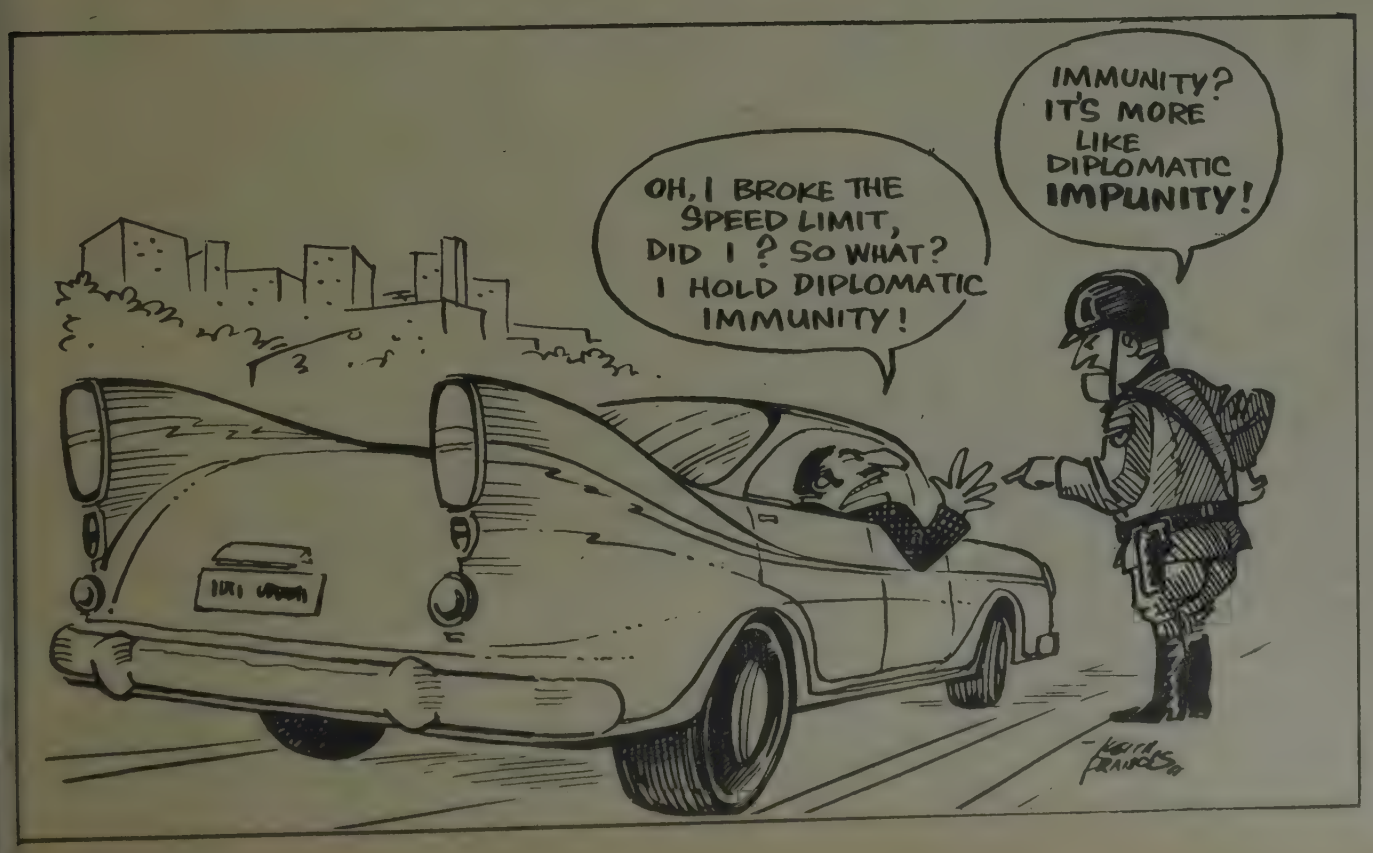
Men diplomats, when they cannot borrow that tatty status symbol, the underpaid embassy chauffeur, drive atrociously. speeding and parking wrongly, together with French, Arab and African diplomats and getting away with diplomatic immunity after arguing arrogantly in pseudo-Oxford accents with polite traffic cops. For that matter, no matter where posted, they speak in Anglicised Hindi with visiting Ministers, MPs and VIPs, and Bengali/Tamil or whatever, with their secretaries and the receptionist (invariably an immigrant who feels duly insulted having failed the local language test). They speak in English with their wives, children and fellow officers and with their Czech, Tanzanian and Algerian chauffeurs.

In fact, every visiting Indian believes the local chauffeur is a planted spy, a belief encouraged by the Indian diplomat concerned, as it gives him a chance to ask in the car about the flat position in the Foreign Service Hostel in Delhi where he is due to return soon, and the power failures which are likely to burn out his colour TV, oversize deep freeze and washing machine. Soon that lovely black car looking like a Mafia funeral will have to be left behind for joining the long queue for Fiats and Ambassadors at twice the price at home.

No more champagne at diplomatic receptions in Delhi, just tepid orange and tomato juice, while his foreign colleagues quaff Scotch and Napoleon brandy. He gets to his miserable cubby hole in South Block to pore over dull files, and when he returns home, his wife invariably greets him with the punch line: "Why didn't I mary someone in the IAS? Look at Mrs. Mehta's huge bungalow on Lodi Road, and we can't even get our children admitted to decent schools! By now I would have got a contract for my brother and made millions opening a beauty salon, if only you had joined the IAS".

By now the IFS officer agrees that he would at least have got a better dowry if he had joined the IAS and that the flesh-pots of foreign postings are a myth, like much else in the foreign service.

INSTEAD OF AN I.F.S. GUY LIKE YOU, WHY DIDN'T I MARRY AN I.A.S MAN?
WHY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? DIDN'T I LEARN TO GRIN LIKE CARTER, ORATE LIKE CASTRO AND WHISTLE LIKE THATCHER?
KEITH FRANCIS,


OH, I BROKE THE SPEED LIMIT, DID I? SO WHAT? I HOLD DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY!
IMMUNITY? IT'S MORE LIKE DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY!
KEITH FRANCIS

IT'S NO BED OF ROSES!

SAY WIVES OF FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICERS, ENUMERATING THE MYRIAD WAYS IN WHICH THEY SUFFER BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF THEIR HUSBANDS' WORK. THE QUESTION IS, IS LIFE IN THE I.F.S. AS TOUGH AS IT IS MADE OUT TO BE? OR IS IT A SALARIED JOB FOR ATTENDING DINNERS AND COCKTAILS, LIVING IN PALATIAL HOUSES AND SEEING THE WORLD?

Kumkum Chadha

"I left beautiful sunshine here. I have a small baby whom I had to leave with my parents. I left a comfortable life here with two ayahs and a cook, only to go abroad and organise six cocktail parties a week, or an equal number of dinners **single-handed.** And an elaborate Indian meal at that. On many occasions, I have spent the entire day frying pakoras for over 300 people. If this is cushy, then what is drudgery?" was the outburst of a young woman married to an I.F.S. officer.

Is life in the Indian Foreign Service as tough as it is made out to be by those who are in it? Or is it a salaried job for attending dinners, living in palatial houses and seeing the world? Is the I.F.S. wife really disgruntled or is she enjoying life to the full at government expense? Is family life really disjointed or do children get the best exposure, sharing company with the top brass or the elite? Finally, is the Indian Foreign Service a coveted and enviable job, or is it one which one would gladly trade for any other? In other words, is it a "cushy" job?

"I resent the word 'cushy' as you choose to put it," retorted Mrs. Lalitha Krishnan, whose husband is now Additional Secretary in the Ministry of External Affairs. "It is an inappropriate word to use because there are always two sides to a job. The cushy aspect is where one enjoys the advantages of a job and the other side is where you have to fulfil the duties connected with the assignment you are handling. When we are abroad we are supposed to be representing our country and we try to project our country in the best possible way. We have to maintain a style of living which will not expose our country to ridicule.

"There is a lot of entertaining that we have to do, but that is not because we like to eat rich food but because we are bound to do it. So, to accuse us of living a cushy life is not fair, especially when it is part of our job. There are times when we are hard pressed to obtain ingredients for an Indian meal. When we were posted in Argentina during 1959, the contacts between the two countries were very few and it was a job to get the ingredients we needed. So we had to make do with whatever was available. In addition to this, it is relevant to point out that we are among the poorest paid amongst diplomats anywhere in the world. Within those limitations we have to put up as good a show as possible to come up to the standards of the people we are entertaining."

Mrs. Krishnan also spoke about the "cultural shock" which many undergo. "It certainly is a cultural shock for an Indian brought up in a traditional set up to be suddenly thrown into a totally different life style which she is not accustomed to back home. Most of us have been brought up in a conservative set up and are suddenly thrown into western diplomatic life. It is for us to survive and thrive in it."

Lalitha Krishnan

Mrs. Krishnan, a strict vegetarian till a few years ago, has now turned non-vegetarian. "What could I do? These are the compulsions of the job. To be able to accept foreign hospitality, one has to change one's food habits. It needs a great deal of mental adjustment. For instance, planning a menu can also be a task. One has to know the right courses, which wine to serve with what and so on. Not only that, one has to pretend to **know** and **enjoy** everything that is going on."

Mrs. Krishnan admits that the job has its advantages. "I don't think I could have ever met so many V.I.P.'s and interesting people the world over throughout my life but for the I.F.S. That is the best compensation for all the work we put in."

For Mrs. Manju Singh, wife of the Additional Secretary (Administration) in the Ministry, living abroad is a "task of great hardship." There is the problem of limited resources. "There is inadequate staff, and one has to do everything single-handed, entertain and cater to a large number of people, compete with larger embassies, etc. Then, when posted abroad, one feels isolated, one has to watch every word one utters and one cannot be really close to anyone. They are all diplomatic relationships. Where is the 'cushiness'?"

As for the other allegation that the I.F.S. cadre lead a lavish life style, Mrs. Singh said, "The job demands it. We are there to present the best image of our country and that obviously involves keeping the house nicely done up. I recall when I arrived in Kabul. The temperature was 28 degrees below freezing point. The house was in a mess. It was cold and dirty. We had to wear thermal underwear to keep ourselves warm. One very senior wife of the diplomatic corps had remarked to me then, 'I hope you will do something about cleaning and heating the mission up.'

"Another told me, 'Oh, how are you settling down in the barn?' That is the kind of problem we have abroad. We have to maintain an image of the mission and the country. Would you like us to present an image of discomfort, of not being clean and not knowing how to live?"

In addition to the strain on family life, the large number of parties, the amount of entertaining involved, there is the eternal problem of servants. This was especially felt by some of the wives, like Mrs. Lalitha Deo, whose husband is now a Joint Secretary with the Government: "We are given the servants facility by the Government and are allowed to take a servant with us with his fare and salary paid by the Government. But he is paid according to Indian standards, say Rs. 150 per month. When he lands there, in comparison to the workers there he is grossly underpaid. Then he starts grumbling, leaves or has to be repatriated.

"And it is a problem without a servant because of the heavy entertaining we have to do. In fact, as a wife of an I.F.S. officer you have to be a glorified housekeeper with so many duties. We have to do everything ourselves, with our servants running away and the domestic help available there being beyond our means. There are times when cocktails for 200 people have to be arranged and pakoras and samosas have to be prepared. And after all that work, one is expected to look fresh and pretend to enjoy everything!

"Entertaining is obligatory. One doesn't always want to do it but we have to. This concept of 'lavishness' is a myth. Compared to the lifestyles of other diplomats, some of us feel miserable. The comparison comes in when the diplomatic community is thrown together per force and they serve a 20-course meal while we cannot afford even half of that when we entertain. According to Indian standards we

may be having a 'lavish' life-style or appear to be having one, but in comparison to foreign missions we are positively indigent."

For Mrs. Rose Gonsalves, wife of a Secretary in the Ministry of External Affairs, entertainment is an "important professional tool." She said, "Treating entertain-

Rose Gonsalves

ment as a sign of lavishness is a misconcept.'

Another charge often levelled against the I.F.S. is that our diplomats are too busy socialising with the affluent to bother about the ordinary Indians there. Often one hears of Indians complaining of the "shabby treatment" they get at the hands of the Indian missions abroad. They virtually have no access to the officers or the diplomatic corps and are left to the mercy of the receptionist who turns them away rudely. It seems entertaining and being entertained has become the major occupation of our diplomats and they fail miserably in fulfilling their duties towards their countrymen abroad. For the common Indian in the streets of London or Bangkok, an Indian diplomat is still inaccessible.

Mrs. Gonsalves strongly refuted this charge. "This again is exaggerated. I, in my personal capacity along with others, tried to help as many Indians as I could. I and the other wives worked for the Indian Women's Association in London. I used to go to Southall and teach the Indians there. They need a helping hand and I, along with other wives of the mission, did all that we could. I admit that it is not possible to cover each and every Indian, especially where the Indian community is very large. But we covered the majority of Indians. The personal touch was there and the common Indian, as you put it, felt free to approach the mission."

Regarding the Indians complaining about shabby treatment, Mrs. Gonsalves said: "The expectations of the Indians from the Embassy are very high, and we try our best to satisfy them. There are times when they make unreasonable demands like demanding a visa within 15 minutes. Very much as the mission would like to grant it, it may not be possible to do it so fast. Another thing about complaining is that the complaints are widely publicised and magnified while the times we do our bit go unnoticed. Then the Indians abroad, when they approach the mission, have a tendency to ask for preferential treatment and when that is not always possible they are dissatisfied and complain about 'shabby treatment,' which you have pointed out".

Mrs. Deo also stressed the "need" for people when one is away from home. She said, "We have to be close to the Indian community. Not only is it a part of our job but we are 'starved' for our people, and love having hem over. We, as far as possible, tend to mix with the Indian communities, but it is not always possible to develop contacts extensively, or approach all the Indians there. Twice a year — that is on the Republic Day and the Independence Day — we have nearly everyone of the Indian community over. Then we get a chance to know many of them. It largely depends on the country you are posted to and the size of the community.

"In countries like the GDR, for instance, the number of Indians is very small and we used to know each one of them personally. That was possible even in Spain. But in places like London and New York this is physically impossible. There are such large Indian communities there. But there are Associations and voluntary organisations to deal with the problems of Indians. They keep in touch with the mission and if anything is brought to our notice, the mission definitely tackles them.

"As for relationships on a personal level with the Indians, it is not always possible because 80 per cent of our time is taken up in entertaining people. Then there is the family to look after and so on. So where is the time to have friends or socialise other than where it is obligatory? And then every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes from India wants to be treated like a VVIP by the mission. With so many pressures on us, it is not possible to satisfy all of them."

Mrs. Krishnan was one of the few who asserted that it is not "our job" to contact Indians, thus attesting to the basis of the charge. "Efforts are made by the mission to help as many Indians as possible and solve their problems whenever they approach us. But it is neither possible nor our job to go looking for Indians and telling them to come to us. If and when they come, which is very often, we help them."

About the charge of Indian diplomats socialising only with high society Indians abroad, Mrs. Krishnan said, "It is not a

Manju Singh

question of high society or low society. We do mix with some Indians, invite them over and so on. But if you expect me to invite my Indian chowkidar for a meal, simply because that is your concept of 'mixing', I think it is unreasonable. After all, how many of us, you or I, ask our milkman or dhobi over for a meal in India? And if none of us do it here, why should we be criticised for not doing it there?"

Mrs. Susheela Purushottam, who is the wife of a Joint Secretary, said that it was "very taxing" to keep in touch on a personal level with every Indian. "But it largely depends on the size of the community. For instance, in Moscow, where the Indians are mostly students, we had grown so free with each one of them that they used to come and cook with me. In Geneva, where we were posted, most Indians are very rich and our relations with them were on a social and cultural level. We used to organise cultural evenings and mix freely. In Malawi (Africa), another place where we were posted, the problem was one of Hindus and Muslims who were at loggerheads with each other. So unofficially we had to integrate them. We used to patronise both of them by going to the Hindu temples and the Muslim sports club. I also tried to integrate the African and Indian children by organising Children's Day."

Admitting that keeping close contact where there are large communities is a problem, Mrs. Singh said, "In places where there are large communities, we have to make an effort to be available to the Indians all the time. We usually keep open house and people are free to telephone and come at all times of the day. During our tenures abroad. I used to organise once a month meetings of the Indian women. and tackled their problems connected with family and children."

She agreed that it was not possible to have an "open house" all the time or organise large get-togethers exclusively for Indians because of the limited funds available. "Our entertainment allowance is barely sufficient to entertain foreigners. If the Government took into account the need for entertaining Indians too, we would have them over more often at the mission. If there were specific grants, especially where you have large Indian communities, then it would be easier to entertain them, but the allowances are inadequate. Within these limitations we try to do the best possible. For instance, during one of our postings, we had created a study circle so that any visiting scholar would be invited to give a talk and hat was open o the entire Indian community.

Mrs. Singh, however, stressed that it had to be a two-way traffic. "It is not always possible for us to contact Indians or keep in touch because we do not have enough time. After all, meeting our people is not our primary activity. In fact, it is for the Indians to approach us."

Whether the problems the wives face, be it "dutybound entertaining," cocktail hopping, the cultural shock and the like, acquit them of the charge of a "cushy" life and lavish living is inconclusive. The Indian Foreign Service still remains, as many see it, a coveted, prized and enviable service with a fat pay packet, and large-scale entertaining, and extensive travelling as its fringe benefits. While the wives abroad are trying to dispel the "dirty Indian" image from the minds of their foreign counterparts, those here have to dispel the image of a lavish and luxurious living cadre among their own countrymen!

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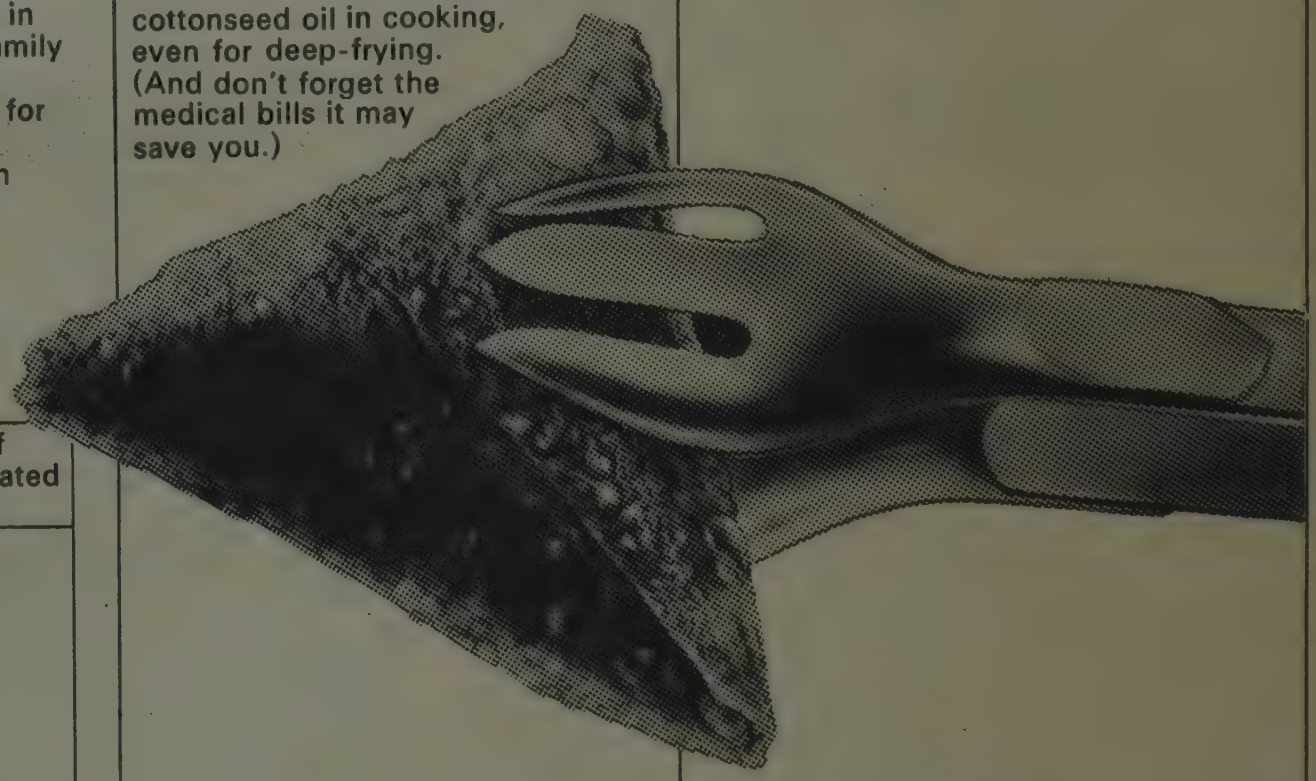

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The Ministry of External Affairs was in the dock before the Supreme Court of India not long ago. The charge was discrimination against women in the IFS. And the judgement was a clear

GUILTY!

Subhadra Butalia

"Freedom is indivisible and o is justice," pronounced Justice .K. Iyer and Justice P. N. Shinhal in their veridict on Miss . B. Muthamma's petition in he Supreme Court against the Inion of India and others. The udicial pronouncement is an pen indictment of the anti-fenale stance of the External Affairs Ministry, because in blatant iolation of the country's Contitution, the Ministry has framed rules and regulations which eek to keep women out of India's Foreign Service.

There are at the moment bout forty women in the Foreign Service. Miss Muthamma, who is the senior most, topped he merit list in her batch; the others have by and large were among the top twenty. But most of them when questioned have stated that merit in the examination is conceded because you are only a number, but once you join the service merit takes a secondary place where assessment of women for promotion is concerned.

Miss Muthamma's grievance before the Supreme Court was precisely this. She had complained that she had been denied promotion to grade 1 of the Indian Foreign Service because of "the practice of hostile discrimination against women in the Ministry." The sexist bias manifested itself even at the time of her interview for entry into the Indian Foreign Service.

When she appeared for her interwiew, she said, "the Chairman took it upon himself to suggest to me that I should not enter the Foreign Service, but consider something else." On a subsequent occasion, the Chairman himself told her that he had deliberately given her the minimum for a pass in the interview and had also used his position as Chairman to overrule those members who disagreed with him.

"We wish to impress upon the government the need to overhaul all service rules and to remove the stain of sex discrimination, without waiting for ad hoc inspiration from writ petitions or gender charity."

Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer and Justice P. N. Shingal

The discrimination did not end there. Miss Muthamma, despite her brilliant performance in the examination, was not acceptable to any Ambassador, the reason being that they did not want a woman. This is one of the ways in which the External Affairs Ministry exhibits its animus against women. And while most of the women officers suffer this treatment, they let things go by; so heavily oppressed are they by the traditional and deeply ingrained prejudices against them.

But the Foreign Secretary's letter of May 21 1979 addressed to women officers only, brought to the surface the simmering discontent that women officers have been feeling against the discrimination shown to them.

In his letter, the Foreign Secretary singles out women officers to issue a warning. He says that because of its "enlightened policies" the Ministry has tried to send husband and wife teams to the same stations, but in the interest of proper functioning it will not do so in future. He exhorts women not to seek such favours in future, but to be ready to take the rough and the smooth, the long and the short tenure like every one else."

Implied in this warning is the assumption that it is only women officers who make direct or indirect pleas for preferential treatment and that men are above this kind of favour seeking. But the history of promotions and postings in the Ministry belies this assumption. The previous Foreign Secretary, Mr. Mehta, himself had been a victim when his predecessor ignored his claim, superseded him, and took his own man as Additional Secretary. Later, during the Emergency, Mr. Mehta was appointed Foreign Secretary superseding many other officers (because of the goodwill of Mr. Mohammad Yunus, it was said). During the recent Commonwealth meet in Lusaka, Mr. Mehta's name was sponsored for the post of Secretary-General of the Commonwealth Secretariat in the place of Mr. Ramphal who was due to retire in 1980 and this tarnished India's image considerably. The honourable judges were appalled when Miss Muthamma's petition brought to their notice the misogynic regulations of the Ministry. Though some of them have since been revoked, they still make an interesting picture of how the Ministry treats its women officers. Rule 8 (2) of the Indian Foreign Service says that "a woman member of the Service shall obtain the permission of the Government in writing before her marriage is solemnised."

"If high officials lose hopes of equal justice under the rules, the legal lot of the little Indian already priced out of the expensive judicial market is best left to guess."

The Justices

The choice placed before women officers is therefore between marriage and career. The Ministry, according to the said rule, also retains the right to ask a woman officer to resign "if her family and domestic commitments are likely to come in the way of the due and efficient discharge of her duties as a member of the service."

If the "personal life" of a woman officer conflicts with the performance of her duties she can be asked to quit. The onus everywhere is on the woman; men of course are allowed free reign. They can get drunk, beat up their wives, be involved in other nefarious activities and yet their personal lives will not interfere with their functioning efficiently. Only women must be models of rectitude.

"No married woman shall be entitled as of right to be appointed to the service," says another stipulation under the recruitment, seniority, cadre and promotion section. On the very face of it the rule seeks to revert women to domesticity. Marriage is a two-person partnership and if domestic duties put a strain on the efficiency of a woman they do no less on that of a man.

In singling out women for the stipulations, the Ministry implies that they are not capable of successfully combining the two, whereas men are. Yet the Ministry is replete with instances where men have refused assignments for domestic reasons. Recently one male officer refused to go to Japan because he said his family responsibilities did not allow him to do so.

The much vaunted six women who are heads of mission are hardly in high priority or "soft" stations. They are, besides Miss Muthamma, Mrs. K. Rukmini Menon (High Commissioner in Nigeria) Mrs. Somu Kochar (High Commissioner in Fuji), Mrs. Usha Nath (Ambassador to Guinea) and Miss N. Haralu (Ambassador to Panama).

"On the contrary," said a woman officer, "we are all the time

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GUILTY!

aware of the fact that in the Ministry we are under a handicap, we are always faced with the challenge of proving to our colleagues that being women does not interfere with our efficiency. Even when we are treated with callous injustice we keep quiet because we know that rules of service are openly against us.

"So, when the time for promotion comes, woman are conveniently left out. The breaking point against this came when the Foreign Secretary ignored Miss Muthamma's seniority, did not promote her to Grade I, and wrote to her that the Cabinet did not accept her plea for promotion.

He then circulated his infamous letter to all women officers. Miss Muthamma, with characteristic courage, wrote back to the Foreign Secretary challenging his claims of giving preferential treatment to women and went to the Supreme Court to seek her right to equality which the Constitution of India guarantees to her.

In para 2 of his letter, the Foreign Secretary says that of the 40 women officers more than ten are in the Selection Grade. But according to Miss Muthamma's reply, those ten have been so long in the service that even if a part of their service had been ignored they would still have reached the selection grade.

In its defence, the Ministry says ten women were serving in selection grades and six were heads of missions. According to Miss Muthamma, however, those in the selection grades have been so long in service, that even if they were denied credit for a part of their career they would still have reached selection grade.

The Foreign Secretary also states in his letter that a disproportionate share of 'A' category posts have been given to women, but women officers point out that there is a large number of men officers who have never done their share of B or C grade postings. And if there are women who have stayed at the headquarters for more than the stipulated time there are many more men who have been in the headquarters for as long as ten to twelve years.

So far as postings are concerned, the Foreign Secretary's letter states that "soft" stations are given to women with a few "notable exceptions." But these "notable exceptions" are far too many. At present there are women officers serving in Suva, Conakry, Peking, Lagos and Karachi which are by no means confortable so far as conditions of living are concerned.

In 1975 Miss Muthamma was sent to West Africa and at that time, of the four West African stations three were occupied by women, and a woman had been designated to occupy the fourth one also. According to the Ministry's rating, these countries have a low priority. There are also instances mentioned in Miss Muthamma's rejoinder to the Foreign Secretary where women officers have been allotted stations which were re-are rejected by men. Recently, Nigeria was allotted to a woman after two men officers refused to stay there.

This long history of discrimination exploded when Miss Muthamma went to the Supreme Court to seek justice which had been denied to her Thereafter, the Ministry beat a hasty retreat, discovered merit in her and promoted her to grade I. The learned Judges have directed the ministry to overhaul their rules and remove all sex bias from them. They have also observed that during the few months that have elapsed between the Ministry's rejection of Miss Muthamma's merit and discovery of it many officers junior to her have been promoted above her and that this supersession should be rectified.

Rightly have the Judges observed that "If high officials lose hopes of equal justice under the rules, the legal lot of the little Indian, already priced out of the expensive judicial market, is best left to guess."

COMMON COLD

Homoeopathic Treatment

Dr. Shirin Wadia

How frequently people have a cold! It is by far the most common of all illnesses. Any remedy, no matter how simple, that might aid in the prevention of cold, or check its severity or cut short its duration, brings relief.

The common cold is caused by a virus which invades and then weakens the cells of the mucus membrane at the back of the nose and throat. Diseases which are lying dormant in the body infect the weakened mucus membrance after the initial attack by the virus.

This infection usually begins in the back of the nasal passages. It is accompanied by congestion with frequent sneezing and profuse watery discharge from the nose. The inflammation extends rapidly upwards to the tear ducts and downwards to the throat. The thoat feels dry and harsh. The delicate mucus membrane of the throat is inflamed. Swallowing becomes uncomfortable. Often there is a general feeling of lassitude, weakness, exhaustion and also headache. Sometimes there is fever accompanying the cold. In children, the rise of temperature may be more marked and prolonged. The inflammation usually extends to the larynx or sound-box, producing an irritation which is accompanied by cough. The voice becomes husky because of inflammation of the vocal chords.

In its simple form, the onset of the disease is sudden, and the maximum symptoms show within 24 to 36 hours. Temperature rises for one or two davs and the patient returns to normal within five to seven davs. There is a joke among doctors that if you treat a cold it takes seven days to get well, and if you don't — a week.

Many suffer for a prolonged period of illness with several symptoms caused by the primary cold. These symptoms are complications of the cold. That is why it is not advisable to ignore repeated attacks of cold.

It is important to prevent colds. Homoeopathic medicines can help a great deal in this. When given as a preventive they increase the vitality of the patient.

Influenzinum: This is a homoeopathic vaccine for prevention of repeated attacks of cold. It is given in 200c-potency, three pills three times a day.

Gelseminum: This is taken in the beginning when the patient is weak, tired and has severe body ache. There are paroxysms of sneezing with nasal discharge. The patient develops fever and he shivers due to chill. 30-potency three pills every two hours till the fever comes down; then three pills three times a day for a week.

Aconite: Given when there is sudden onset of cold due to exposure to cold, dry winds, accompanied by acute inflammation of the throat and high fever; also frequent sneezing with discharge from nose. 200 c potency three pills thrice a day.

Allium Cepa: This is taken when there is a tendency to catch cold in cold weather. There is continuous discharge from eyes and nose, and the nasal discharge is acrid, which causes a burning sensation on the nose and on the upper lips and eye dicharge is mild. The patient feels worse in the evening, indoors and in a warm room — sneezing stops as soon as he goes out in the open air. 30-potency three pills thrice a day.

Dulcamara: This is taken when cold results from cold, wet weather and snow. When there are sudden changes from hot to cold weather and sneezing occurs, in cold rooms and open air. Stiff neck, sore throat, backache and pain in limbs are the symptoms. 30-potency three pills thrice a day.

Pulsatilla: Beneficial in chronic catarrh when there is loss of smell, thick yellow dicharge from the nose, blocked nose at night and copious flow in the morning. The patient feels well in open air, but violent catarrh occurs as soon as he enters a room and also in the evening. Sometimes blood oozes out of the nose. 30-potency three pills thrice a day.

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FEMINISM IN FILMS

Reena Mohan

"We don't say feminist films are better films, not at all. But they have a feminist point of view, and it's very important for us to express our anguish, our real need...it has always happened in history that men have spoken for women. We want to speak for our own.."

The speaker is Jutta Bruckner, a Berlin film maker who is currently in India with a package of feminist films to be screened at major cities. The following article is a result of a series of discussions some of us at the Poona Film Institute had with her.

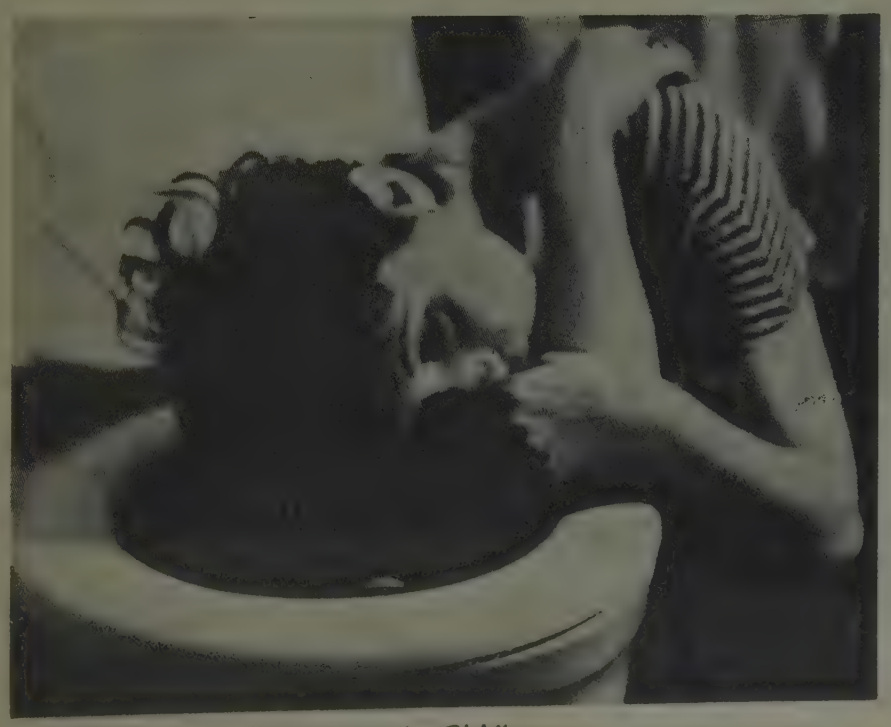
Brought up in the period immediately after World War II, she was caught in a whirlpool of conflicting values — women were needed as recruits in industry and at the same time were being blamed by the church for neglecting their homes. As a young girl she underwent a period of great depression — having a lot of possibilities but being forced to conform because of her parents' protective, repressive attitude.

She wrote profusely during these years, but destroyed most of it because she did not think it good enough. She had little social contact because she misinterpreted her maladjustments as an incapacity or failure of some sort on her part.

...WE BEGAN AS PART OF A MOVEMENT WITH SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CLAIMS, AND NOW WE ARE TRYING NOT TO DENY THAT BUT TO BE ARTISTS AT THE SAME TIME...

This severe disorientation led to an attempt at suicide. Then in 1968 she joined a group of feminists and, as she says, "That was the greatest relief in all my life — to find I wasn't alone."

Her marriage broke down but she managed to get over it; she completed her thesis at the University. It was a time of discovery, of rethinking. It grew increasingly important to resolve her relationship with her mother.



Scene from "A Totally Degenerate Girl."

Realising the inadequacy of words, she turned to film to tell her mother's story. This very personal approach to film making stems from a recognition of its psychotherapic value. The three films she has made so far deal with the lives of her mother, her friend and herself. There is in them "An attempt to get back to these lost times, to these mental disturbances, and describe in these processes the process of deforming, or forming and deforming, a woman in our society."

Her first film, "Play Fair And Be Afraid Of No One" is set between 1922 and 1975 — the life story of a woman from a lower middle-class background from the age of seven to the age of 60. "Rigid social, moral and sexual norms form a tight truss of respectability. A personal catastrophe (the realisation that her husband is having an affair with another woman), however, impresses on her the need to break away from the collective character. She recognises what she might have become and this awareness transforms her to an extent.

Her second film, "A Totally Degenerate Girl" is about a normal day in the life of a young woman, Rita Rischak. An authentic story, Rita plays herself in reconstructed scenes and interviews, exploring her relationship with her lovers, her son, her parents, her friends. At one point in the film Rita says, "What am I? A working class kid with a passable face. The men handle me like a well designed portable radio. It must play. Everyone's fed up when there's interference on the radio; but no one could care less about its inner workings. When it's broken you simply chuck it away."

Therein lies the crux of the situation. Rita's situation is even worse because she is a woman. First of all, she is a very pretty

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FEMINISM IN FILMS

girl, "so she is used as having a body, being a body." Moreover, she has an illegitimate child. With an incomplete secondary education she struggles against the limited choices society has to offer. The film expresses "the lower middle-class hatred and the everyday reality of a revolt that never leads anywhere because the girl only knows what she does not want, but not what she wants..."

Issues such as equal pay, legalisation of abortion, easier divorces, solve only half the problem. There are not only five or six basic questions for women. Emancipation for different classes, ages, situations, is different. For, how do you resolve and unite the conflicting needs of a 28-year-old divorced worker woman with one child, a 19-year-old girl with no access to the University, a 45-year-old housewife whose two grown children have left home?

The struggle at the moment is taking place on a divided front — on the one hand are the feminists with a strong tendency to bourgeois emancipation and on the other is the women's lib movement engaged in social changes. It is only when the two combine in Germany that a major breakthrough can be achieved.

The division is less marked in countries like France and Italy where the tradition of the left is much older. When the communist party in Germany came back to power in 1968 it made the old dogmatic error of assuming that the question of women's lib is resolved by the taking over of power by the working class. Only now are they beginning to be aware that no women's lib can be attained without a strong psychological approach.

Not all women are willing to change their situation, however. Their notion of happiness is still very traditional, and modern rights do not fit into the picture. Most girls resort to secretarial jobs as a stop-gap before an early marriage. Jutta herself has been living with a man for the past one year but, much as they would like to, they cannot afford to have children. Neither is happy about resigning a part of their lives.

There was a period when she was busy shooting for about three weeks and her friend was at home working, cooking, waiting for her to return, overworked and exhausted. At the end of three weeks he couldn't take it any more, but understood completely, for the first time, the sort of experience on average housewife goes though.

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There have been some adverse reactions to her films. Older people hated the last part of her first film because "the kind of development my mother took is not very representative in Germany. It was very special for her, and surely old people think it is a slur on them..." Her second film too invited some hostile reactions from female film critics who were reminded of their own problems. One woman stood up at a press conference to accuse Jutta, "I hate you for doing this to me. Why did you do it?"

Their contention is that the films should portray strong, emancipated women. Jutta, however, feels that this argument is not valid any more. In the beginning of the women's movement, such films were made as "documents whose aim it is to overcome the speechlessness of women." The growing strength of the movement has brought about "an exuberant growth of cinematic articulation rather than uniformity."

At the moment, they have formed a Female Film Workers Association and they are fighting for 50 per cent of all film funds in Germany. With this they intend to set up a production firm to finance and distribute films made by women. They hope to be able to stand on their own feet after two years.

Problems faced by feminist film makers are many and varied. Although there are a lot of women working in TV, the only profession for women in German cinema is editing. There is one camera woman who has limited experience and has been rejected often on account of that.

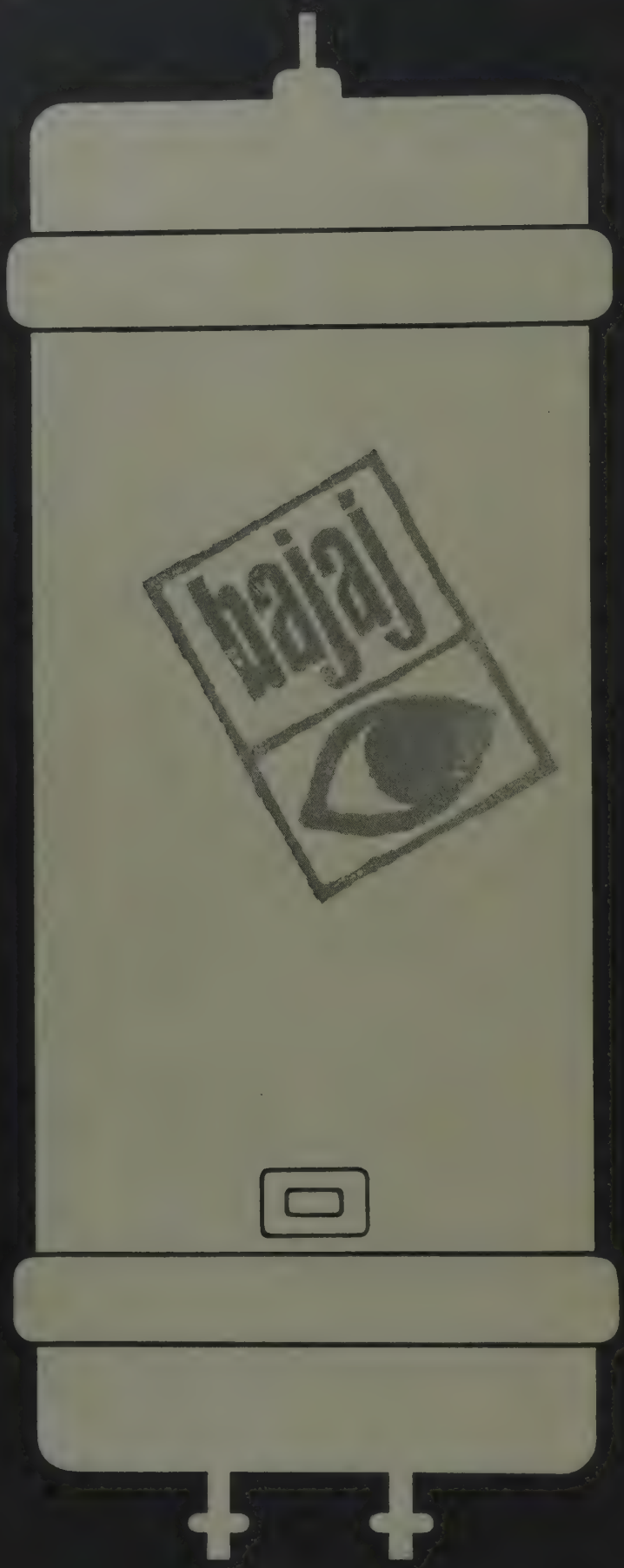
Feminist film makers are fighting to formulate new structures of expression to describe their own experiences, unique to themselves, and often run the risk of not being understood. Their styles are interpreted as "a lack of film culture," says Jutta and goes on to add vehemently, "I don't want to be suitable." Hence, the necessity for such films to be screened on a non-commercial circuit because they have to be invariably followed by discussions.

However, differences in approach can have repercussions often during the film making process itself. The cameraman of her latest film, for example, was not aware that it was a feminist film. Violent and angry discussion arose when she wanted him to photograph a girl's first menstruation. He had thought she would handle it in a conventional manner — showing the girl's face, for instance, with a dialogue in the background. To his horror she insisted on showing the whole process.

At yet another point in the film, a similar problem occurred. The scene is a woman washing herself in the bathtub after she and her husband have made love. Those were the years when there was no pill and millions of women encountered the same fear and anxiety. While she is cleaning herself, there is a sort of inner monologue: "It't horrible that we are made like this — life full of anxiety — to be with a big belly again."

While she was issuing instructions to the others on the set, the photographer tilted the camera up. Jutta was horrified when she saw the rushes — only the woman's face was there. It was evident what she was doing with her hands, but the process itself could not be seen. Jutta, however, made sure that she could re-shoot it entirely her way.

"So you see our difficulty is that we have begun as part of a movement with social and political claims, and now we are trying not to deny that but to be artists at the same time. To combine theory and practice, the mental and the physical, that is a difficult task and we hope to reach this in our films..."



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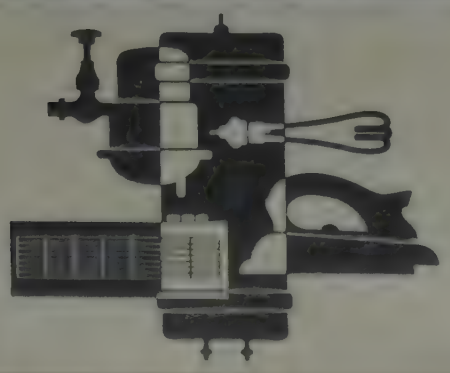

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KAAJAL KIRON: A Big Break Leads Nowhere

Adelaide Chand

She shot up to fame with the big hit "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin", but the going has been slow for Kaajal Kiron after that. What went wrong?

All it takes to launch a new young actress to stardom is a successful first film — Poonam made the grade with "Noorie", Tina turned a star overnight when her first film "Des Pardes" was released. So whatever happened to cute little Kaajal Kiron, who made her debut in Nasir Hussain's thundering jubilee hit, "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin"? One thought that she'd automatically have a number of big banners falling into her lap, and that she'd be deluged with offers from producers all eager to sign her up.

Unfortunately, Kaajal seems to have started out with a big bang and is now continuing with a whimper. One rarely hears of her these days, except to learn that she's signed another obscure film opposite a not-quite-top-grade hero.

Kaajal, a pert, vivacious, friendly girl, was Sunita Kulkarni three years ago — a first-year student studying in K.C. College. "At that time my uncle who was acquainted with Nasir Saab, knew that he was looking for a new girl for his film. So he took me to him and introduced us and Nasir Saab gave me a screen test. I never knew what the results of the test were like, and whether I was impressive or not, because nobody said anything. But I was made to start studying in acting classes under Asha Chandra and dancing classes under Gopi Krishna, so I guessed everything must have been okay."

It was Nasir Hussain who changed her name to Kaajal. "Later a junior artiste who said her name was Kaajal objected, so we had to add the Kiron."

According to her, Kaajal had great fun while her first film was being made. After "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin" was released and well on its way to being a sure-fire success, Kaajal was flooded with fan-mail as well as with offers from producers. There was little doubt that she was heading for stardom. But there were a couple of flies in the ointment. To begin with, Rishi Kapoor, who had been experiencing a bad patch in his career before "Hum Kisise Kum Nahin", was soon riding high once more after the movie's success. Producers anxious to sign the young couple again were given the cold shoulder by a disdainful Rishi, who lost no time in signing films opposite the new sensation after "Des Pardes", Tina Munim. Kaajal soon found herself floundering. "Moreover," she says, "I was still under contract to Nasir Saab, so so I coudn't accept the good offffers with other heroes that came my way."

Today, released from her contract, one hears of her signing films with names like "Hum se Badhkar Kaun" and "Mein Saajan Ki Saajan Mere".

Recently, when Nasir Hussain announced a new film with Rishi Kapoor, it was universally assumed that Kaajal Kiron, his protegee, would be his first choice as co-star.

Instead, he signed pretty, upcoming teenager Padmini Kolhapure.

Kaajal covers up her disappointment behind a brave, nonchalant facade: "I don't know why Nasir Saab didn't take me for his new film. But I'm sure he must have had his reasons. I have confidence in him and I know he'll take me in a film when he needs me."

She's also developed a reputation for being an uncritical admirer of all those she's worked with. She's quick to add "Ji" to everybody's name — from Zeenatji to Asha Chandraji, and is often heard assuring more senior co-stars that she is an ardent fan of theirs. She's doing a film for Abbas Noorani which Imtiaz is directing and is, as usual, full of praise. "Imtiaz is a terrific director. It's a pity he didn't get break earlier. He's really competent and knows exactly how to get the best out of any artiste."

In private life, Kaajal's a gay, unassuming young lady who loves lounging around the house in loose-fitting silk shirts, and enjoys catching up on the latest steps of the Tango or the Hustle. "I love dancing," she admits.

In spite of the bad breaks, she remains cheerful and determinedly optimistic — as far as she's concerned, the next step into the big-time could be just around the corner. "I'm very happy with my career at present and I'm sure it's going to shape up well. . .I've got a lot of good films, good directors and I'm banking on them. I've got umpteen films with stars like Mithun Chakraborthy, Raj Kiran and Vinod Mehra."

She singles Vinod Mehra out for special praise. "He's such a thorough gentleman, so wonderfully quiet spoken and well-behaved, it's pleasure working with him."

Photograph : Sanil

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

NALINI CHAGLA

SUCCESSFUL LEGAL CAREER

Nalini Chagla is the first woman to be appointed member of the Notary Public of Bombay, which is an honorary civil post. A practising lawyer at the High Court of Bombay, whose dreary atmosphere makes vivid Dickens' satire on ninteenth-century England's law world in 'Bleak House', Mrs. Chagla finds this post a refreshing change.

"The normal court proceedings are interminable, matters are prolonged unnecessarily. It is not surprising if it takes years for one legal matter to sort itself out; there are innumerable intricacies. In contrast, the Notary Public post is a very informal and casual one," says Nalini Chagla.

Any citizen can approach any member of the Notary Public during their working hours — which are from 5.00 p.m. to 6.00 p.m. — and seek professional advice. "The fees are nominal; it is only when we have to travel a lot on behalf of the client's work that the Notaries Public charge the client. At other times, especially if the client cannot afford to pay an exorbitant sum, we charge nothing at all," explained Mrs. Chagla, "and that is the whole objective of the Notary Public."

Nalini Chagla can pride herself on launching out on her own. She enrolled as a lawyer in 1956. In 1960, she enrolled in the Supreme Court as Advocate. "I go to Delhi whenever there are legal cases to be dealt with. Otherwise I work in Bombay all the time," she says.

The Notary Public is an ancient office which originated in England where the Master of Faculties used to issue this office to distinguished scholars in India to act as Notaries Public. "Before the Notary Act of 1952 came into use it was included in Section 138 of the Negotiable Instruments Act. In India, the Notaries were only known in the districts. Today, the Notary Public has acquired international recognition, especially where transactions involve foreign exchange and contact with the government authorities abroad," said Mrs. Chagla.

"The Notary Public is an honorary civil post. All commercial transactions are made legal when they are sealed by the Notaries," said Nalini. Contracts of all kinds — affidavits, legal statements affirmations, attestations of documents like wills, foreign exchange transactions, shipping contracts are some of the few things that are "all ensured the sanctity of the document with the seal of the Notary Public. It thereafter becomes an authenticated document," reiterated Mrs. Chagla.

The primary responsibility of the Notaries is to ensure the validity of the identity of their clients. "Any stranger may seek our aid he may be a fake, so the Notaries may be taking a great risk," said Mrs. Chagla.

The appointment of Notaries is made by the Central Government or the State Government. Mrs Chagla was appointed by the Maharashtra State Government which has 42 members, 41 of which are males. All members are granted an office to work in.

Mrs. Chagla is also an assistant government pleader. She assists the State and the Central Governments mainly in constitutional matters. She is also a lecturer at Bombay's H.R. College where she teaches Law.

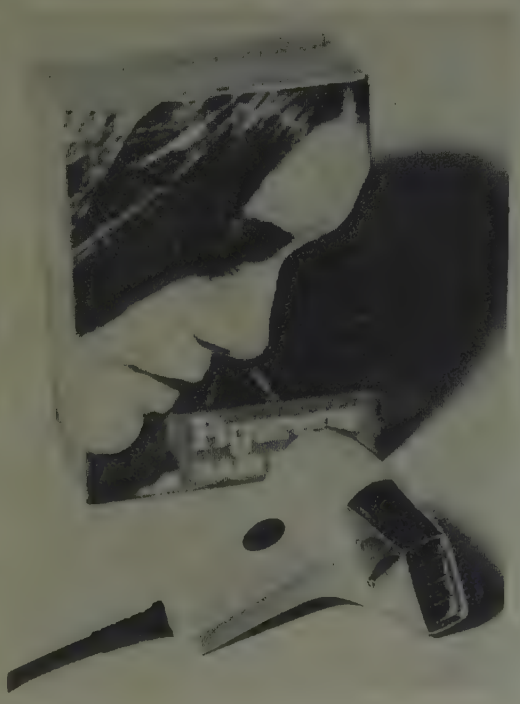
"I used to be an avid sports enthusiast. I loved to go out and have a lot of fun. Initially, I approached my profession with a totally non-monetary attitude. Making money did not interest me. I merely gave advice to people who needed it and could not afford to go to a lawyer because it was too expensive. I did not take my career as lawyer seriously enough. But circumstances have altered. I lost my husband in 1977. He was also a lawyer with a flourishing practise. Since his death, I have had to keep myself as busy as possible. I have restarted with a renewed earnestness and added gusto," Nalini Chagla said.

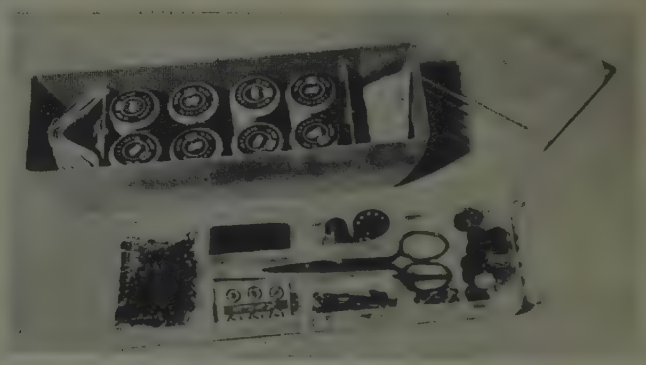
Angelica Jacob

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

Pedder Porcelain, Bombay, has introduced a novel item — Ceramic Pomandor which exudes fragrance. Crafted with a beautiful floral motif, it can be placed anywhere in a room/wardrobe. Comes in three fragrances — rose, lavendar and jasmine. It lasts for a couple of monthsi. Refills are easily available. Price Rs. 27. At leading stores.





The handy Sew-Tidy sewing kit — a product of daylight Plastic Industries, Bombay. The polystron box has two decks to keep your sewing material, with compartments for hooks, buttons, pins and needles, bobbins, measuring tape, scissors, etc. Can be had in different colours. Price Rs. 26.

LEFT: Another useful beauty equipment from Figurette & Cosmetics Pvt. Ltd., Bombay — an elegant Hair Dryer to set/dry your hair.Sturdy and lightweight and compact, it is very handy when travelling. Available in several shades. Price Rs. 195. At Figurette clinics and leading stores.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

TEN MORE FEET AND I'LL BE AT THE TOP!
YEOH!
HELP!
PLOP!
EMILY? IS THAT YOU?
SO WHY WERE YOU CLIMBING MT. EVEREST?
I HEARD THERE WAS A HALF-PRICE SALE ON PANTYHOSE AT THE SUMMIT-
5-b
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You cannot get to the top by sitting on your bottom.

* * *

A cannibal visited a neighbour to admire his new possession: a large refrigerator.

"What's its capacity?" he enquired.

"I really don't know," replied the neighbour, "but at least it holds the two men who brought it."

* * *

Dorothy Parker was at a party in New York where an American actor who had appeared in a play in London was speaking at length about his experiences. His speech was full of business terms which included the word "skedules."

Finally, Miss Parker interrupted, "I think you're full of skit."

* * *

A feminine voice over the telephone asked, "Are you Harry?"

The masculine voice on the other end replied, "Not especially, Miss. But I'm far from bald."

THAT'S A LAUGH!

The ranger, an expert in wildlife, was explaining to a group of tourists how to cut across a snake bite and draw out the venom with your mouth and spit it out.

"Suppose you can't reach it with your mouth," a questioner asked.

"Have a friend do it," replied the ranger.

"But suppose the snake bites you where you sit down?"

"That," said the ranger, "is when you find out who your real friends are."

* * *

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All sitting on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down

And handed paper round.

* * *

There was a young fellow named Hyde

Who fell in an outhouse and died.

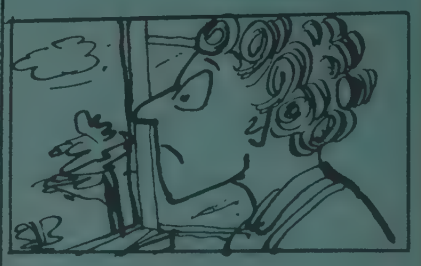
His heartbroken brother
Fell into another,

And now they're interred side by side.

* * *

A suburbanite sitting at his window early one evening called to his wife, "There goes that woman Henry Johnson is in love with."

His wife dropped the plate she was drying in the kitchen, hurtled through the door, knocked over a lamp and craned her neck to look.



"Where?" she panted.

"There," he pointed, "that woman at the corner in the blue coat."

"You idiot," she cried, "that's his wife."

"Why, of course it is," he replied.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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ON THE SIDE I HAVE
AN OFFER TO MAKE

Ms PURVEEZ SPENCER

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For as little as Rs. 500.00 investment (less than the cost of ½ tola of gold) I can put you in business. If after 45 days you are not able to make a go of it you may return my merchandise and I shall refund your money (less Rs. 50.00 to cover estimated costs incurred on postage and documentation).

This offer is not open to everybody who applies. For eligibility you must show a willingness to work patiently and diligently in your neighbourhood and with your social circle. Wives of Service Personnel, mother – and – daughter teams, and Sportswomen are some catagories that seem ideal for this project.

Send no money. And do not act on impulse.

Consider seriously if you have the inclination and the confidence to take on a program for self employment. If you have any doubts, write to ask as many questions as you want.

If you have the pluck and the initiative to make your wasted hours pay, then you can look forward to a truly enjoyable and PROFITABLE business of your own.

I can say with full confidence that you will make a profit of Rs. 150.00 on the first Rs. 500.00 that you invest. If you are inclined to reinvest your initial profits they will grow proportionately.

So give this proposition your careful thought. If you are convinced of your sincerity (and my sincerity of course) write to me.

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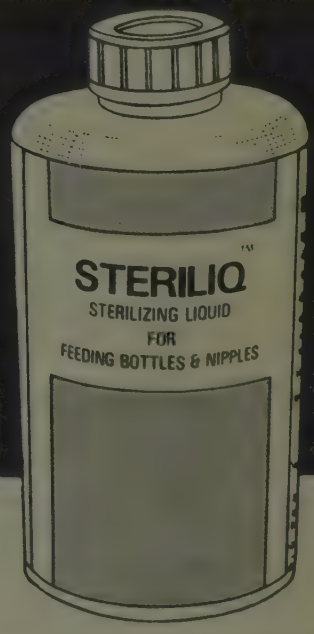

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A TALE OF TWO HANDICAPS

PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED BUT MENTALLY ALERT, NATARAJAN'S COURAGE AND DETERMINATION TO LIVE A USEFUL LIFE, RESTORES ONE'S FAITH IN THE INDOMITABLE HUMAN SPIRIT

N. Srinivasan

Natarajan was pacing the small room restlessly. He was worried badly. In the adjoining room was his wife, Rukmini, in labour pain. A nurse was attending on her. The baby was about to arrive any time. It was her first pregnancy. Sivakamu, Natarajan's mother, was also eagerly expecting the wailing sound of the baby.

Natarajan's restlessness was not without reason. He dreaded to think that the new born baby would not make any such wailing sounds. His mind drifted back to his own childhood. The insults, the mockery he suffered at the hands of society, the grim battle against heavy odds that he had to fight for survival, all came one after another into his mental screen. But he could not speak out his fears.

Yes, he was deaf and dumb from birth.

He was born on September 4, 1913 in Pudukkottai, Tamil Nadu. He belonged to an orthodox Brahmin family. His father, Sundaram and mother, Sivakamu had been very anxious about their child's future. They had hoped that the handicap would be overcome in course of time, and Natarajan would become all right. But it was not to be.

There was not a temple she knew of that Sivakamu did not visit during those days. She prayed the gods to perform some miracle on her son, so that he would be able to hear and talk like others. Those prayers remain unanswered till now.

Natarajan was laughed at and made fun of by the children in the neighbourhood. The ill-treatment meted out to him had to be seen to be believed. Because of this, his father was reluctant to let him play in the neighbourhood. But Natarajan soon learned to take all these in his stride and to face life courageously.

As he could not be put in a regular school, he was sent away from Pudukkottai and his parents to a relative in Madurai. He was taken to a private teacher called Swaminatha Pillai, who specialised in giving education to children who were suffering from a similar handicap.

After three years of thorough coaching, Natarajan acquired enough knowledge to be trained in the art of printing. He learnt composing, binding and other allied branches of printing. Though Nature had cheated him of one ability, it gave him another gift — grasping power. With his zeal to learn, he was very quick to understand the mechanics of composing and printing. His teacher was so pleased with his work that he put him in one of the presses in Madurai. Natarajan worked there for some time and gained experience.

After three years of work there, he got a State Government job in the Stationery and Printing Department as a composer and he was posted to work at Pudukkottai, the place he liked so much.

Knowing his inability to talk and hear, no one was willing to give his daughter in marriage to him. After some initial failures, his father almost gave up his search for a suitable match for him.

Rukmani, a girl from another orthodox Brahmin family, hailing from Kudumiamalai, a small village near Pudukkottai, willingly agreed to marry Natarajan when her parents suggested the alliance.

The marriage was held at the bride's place in Kudumiamalai. After the marriage, Natarajan started living with his wife and his mother at Pudukkottai. They were just another lower middle class family struggling hard to make both ends meet. Natarajan was the sole breadwinner of the family.

In those days, he would gladly work overtime to earn some extra money for the family. During his spare time, he gave elementary coaching to persons who were deaf and dumb like him. He also trained them in the profession he had chosen for himself, and thanks to this, some of them are working in printing presses in their locality now.

Rukmani gave birth to three children — two sons and a daughter. When she was pregnant for the first time, it was feared that the child would also be deaf and dumb like its father. But fortunately for him, his sons and daughter, who later on acquired all the good qualities of their father, were normal.

He put his children in school, they passed Matric. He saw to it that they lacked nothing and provided them with the essential comforts of life with his meagre monthly income. He raised them in such a way as to make them self-reliant and able to stand on their own feet. His two sons grew up to become responsible Government servants. He got his sons married to girls from respectable families.

After attaining the age of 55 he retired from service in September 1968. Being active in mind and body, he got himself employed in a private press and later on moved his family from Pudukkottai to Madras. He continued to work there.

Today, he wonders how he managed to support a family consisting of his wife, mother, two sons and daughter on his slender income. He had no ancestral property worth speaking of. It was only his remarkable courage and tenacity that enabled him to shoulder his responsibilities so successfully.

Even now, at the age of 60, he earns his bread. Notwithstanding the monthly pension he receives, he keeps himself busy working at a private press in Madras. He also looks after most of the house-keeping jobs during his spare time. Happily enough, his wife, mother, who is still alive, sons, daughter and daughters-in-law are looking after him with a great deal of affection.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ: NEW SERIES NO. 7.

1. Pope John Paul II and Fidel Castro of Cuba.
2. Cornelius Ryan.
3. Pablo Picasso.
4. The United Kingdom, France (in a joint project — the Concorde) and the U.S.S.R.
5. The electric bulb. Thomas Alva Edison.
6. Liberia. Its capital, Munrovia, is named after President James Monroe.
7. Orissa and Pondicherry.
8. Sunil M. Gavaskar.
9. Francis Drake.
10. The Earth.
11. Primates.
12. Martin Luther.

The prize money of Rs. 200 will be divided equally between 22 readers who have sent in all-correct solutions.

1980's
EW
LOOK!

inoo Vacha

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EASON

EFT TO RIGHT:
lain satin has a neat chic
ook in raglan sleeves
nd detailed neckline.

ase and elegance echo in
his abstract print
vrapover tunic set —
eather or suede cummerbund
ends extra glamour.

mbroider or tack ready
orders to accentuate this
ovely tunic in green satin with
ts own unique belt.

IGHT:
A two-piece midi suit in
ight satin has a border
rint. Shoulder tucks add to
he new broad shoulder look.

a playground for bilu

Mira Balasubramanian

AS he gobbled up his favourite sweet, halwa, Bilu mused on the inscrutable behaviour of the grown-ups. It was impossible to understand them. Here he was, hurrying to go and play, and his mother was insisting that he must have a bath first. "What use would that be, when I will be playing and getting dirty again?" he would have liked to ask. But he did not dare. His mother had just then returned from the school where she taught and seemed to be in an angry mood. But the question he wanted to ask was asked by Grandma.

"Why ask him to take a bath now? He can do that after returning from play. After all, he is going to be dirty again."

Mother was about to go to her room, but she stopped in her tracks. "This house!" she exclaimed, frowning and looking daggers at Grandma. "Nobody realises the value of discipline. Didn't I tell you not to spoil him?"

"I am not, spoiling him," Grandma said firmly. "And don't talk to me about discipline. I have brought up five sons and two daughters. All of them have turned out to be good and successful. You seem to be tottering under the task of bringing up a single child..."

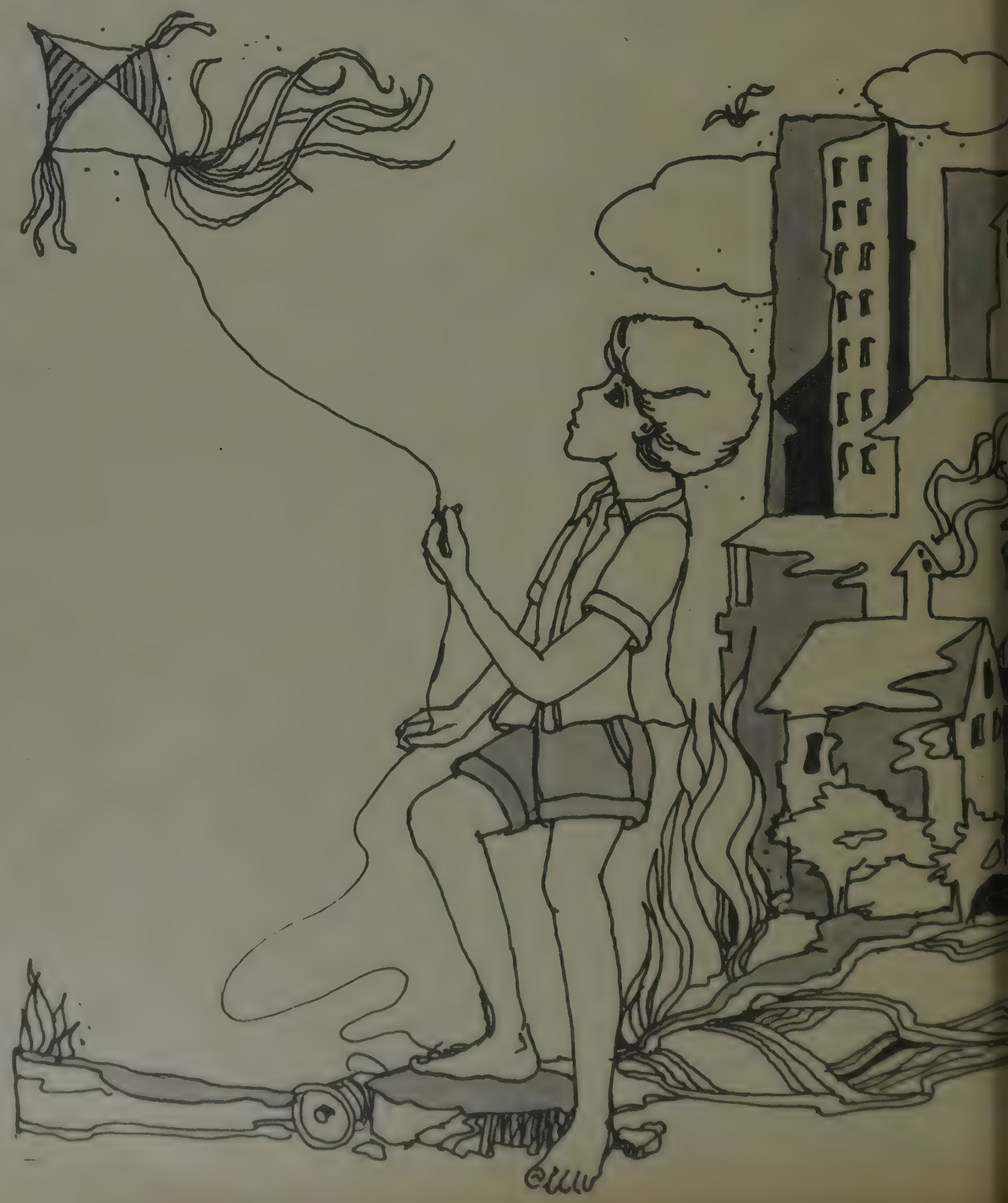
Bilu gulped the last bit of the halwa and ran away from the kitchen. He knew that a fight was in the offing. As a matter of fact, in their house people were always fighting — mother with grandma, father with mother, grandma with "'mejokaka" (uncle) or "mejokakima" (auntie). Or they fought with their maid servant or the milkman. Even when they did not actually fight, the threat of an impending fight pervaded the atmosphere. Of course, Bilu too fought with his friends, but somehow their fights were different; they did not last very long.

Bilu and his family occupied the ground floor flat of a three-storeyed building situated in a narrow lane in the northern part of Calcutta. Apart from a kitchen there were three small rooms occupied by Bilu and his parents, mejokaka and kakima, and grandma respectively. Every room was crammed with things — cots, dressing tables, cupboards, racks, chairs, tables, trunks, suitcases etc. Bilu's mother had a sewing machine as well.

There was a biggish table on which Bilu was allowed to keep his school books — but only a portion of the table was allotted to him. In the middle Mother piled up her magazines and the examination papers which she brought home to correct. One end was for father — his newspapers, playing cards, shaving set and the bottle of medicine for dyspepsia. Bilu had to dump his kites, his cricket bat, his football, all underneath the cot. The cot was quite low and he had to lie flat on the floor to get at them.

Grandma's room was of course not so crammed, but it was out of bounds for Bilu. Grandma had converted a portion of her room into a puja room and she kept all her gods and goddesses neatly arranged in a cheap wooden mantap. Nobody was allowed in that corner unless her or she had taken a bath. Moreover, she kept the rice, dal and other stores in another corner of the room. So, very often it was kept locked and the key jingled from end of the pallav of Grandma's white saree.

Mejokaka and Kakima had the roadside room and Bilu liked it most. Bright printed curtains hung on the windows and doors and the room had, in addition to a double bed, a nice sofa set. Bilu liked to jump on them, but when he did it once, mejokakima got so upset that Bilu immediately regretted it. Mejokakima was young and good looking and she was always dusting her furniture, polishing her knick-knacks or combing her hair. She



had a transistor radio and she played it continuously but at a low volume so that the music did not reach the others. Bilu also liked the knick-knacks arranged in the showcase and would have liked to handle them. But mejokakima always said a firm "no."

Bilu collected his football from underneath the cot. He hurriedly took a wash to please his mother and then ran out of the house. It was already late and ominous clouds over cast the sky. He was not sure how long he would be able to play, definitely not after dark, for mother insisted that he should return home before then.

To Bilu the problem was of vital importance, but nobody else really seemed to care, they all had too many problems of their own

Their lane was a typical Calcutta lane winding, almost like a snake. Bilu did not know from where it originated. But its winding course ended on the main road where trams, buses, cars, rickshaws and hand-carts rattled and whizzed or limped past. The footpaths were full of hawkers and pedestrians. Bilu was not allowed to go there unescorted.

Every morning his father reached him up to his school bus and in the afternoon the maid servant escorted him back. Though the main road was fascinating to Bilu it was not a place to play. Their school too did not have a playground — only a strip of a backyard where boys had their drill — one two, one two, left, right, left. The terrace of the school building was kept locked — after a boy fell from there while flying a kite.

But the lane itself had a nice playground. It was of course nothing but a vacant plot of land where nothing had been constructed. But it was level, covered with soft grass, and Bilu and his friends could have a nice game of football there. There was also a tree, where lots of birds had built their nests. When he did not play, Bilu liked to look at the birds or scribble his name on the trunk of the tree. Some of the big boys had once made a swing and they enjoyed it thoroughly.

Bilu also liked to fly kites and their playground was ideal for it. It was nice to see the kites soaring up in the sky, above the surrounding buildings. The boys ran up and down the playground following the movement of the kites.

Every afternoon, Bilu and the other boys assembled here and played, ran, fought and chatted for an hour or so. In that hour boys became boys and the shadow of the world of the grown-ups did not fall on them. While here, Bilu forgot his cramped house, the strained atmosphere and fights at home.

Bilu ran in eager anticipation. His friends would be waiting for him.

But when he reached the ground he was thunderstruck. A bamboo fencing had been erected all round the plot. Several people were digging there. Already mounds of earth had piled up. How could this happen in one day?

"What, what is this?" Bilu asked a gentleman who was talking with one of the workers. But he paid no attention to Bilu's question and went on talking. So after some hesitation Bilu tried to move inside. He thought of asking one of the workers who were actually digging.

"Hey boy," the gentleman took notice now, "What are you doing? Go back, go back." "Why are you digging here?"

"My God! What the country has come to! We have to explain even to a silly brat why we are digging our own land."

Somebody touched Bilu on the shoulder. Bilu turned and saw that it was Somu. Somu was older than Bilu and probably understood the ways of the grown-ups much better. "This is Choudhury Babu," he whispered in Bilu's ear. "They are going to build a house here, four storeyed."

Bilu looked dismayed. He ran up to Choudhury Babu and cried, "Are you going to build a house here? Then where would we play?"

"Well, you can't play here for sure."

"But there is no other place. . ."

"It is not my fault. Don't bother me any more. Go home."

Thus Bilu was dismissed and Chaudhury Babu went on with his discussion.

Bilu turned to Somu in desperation. "Where shall we play Somuda?"

"We will have to find some other place." Somu seemed unconcerned.

Of course, Bilu understood the reason. Somu was older. He was allowed to go everywhere by himself. Probably he would join the club where his elder brothers played football. So Somu did not care.

"But what shall I do? Mother will not allow me to go there and play," Bilu mused sadly as he clutched his football and walked home.

His father had returned by then and was having his tea. His mother was telling him something in an annoyed tone. They didn't notice when Bilu came. He knelt on the floor and pushed the football under the cot. May be he would never take it out again.

His mother noticed him then. "Bilu, wash your hands and feet and start your study."

"Yes, mother," he said and mechanically took out his history book. He would have to mug up the lesson on Akbar. But very soon Akbar was forgotton and Bilu started thinking about his playground. He felt like crying and tried to control it. But in spite of that a sob escaped.

Father noticed. "Are you crying, Bilu?" he asked. "S. . . sorry father."

Father came and patted his head. "Why is my big boy Bilu crying? Won't he tell father?"

An affectionate touch, a sympathetic tone and Bilu's tears now flowed freely. After a good cry for a minute he wiped his tears and told his story.

"Oh, that vacant land? I knew that Choudhury Babu was going to construct a house there. Of course you can't play there any more."

"It is a good thing," his mother said, "He plays too much."

"Boys must play," his father started arguing.

"They have their PT class, don't they? They have enough physical exercise."

"It is not question of merely exercise. Play is different from exercise."

"Oh, these high sounding words!"

"Stop mocking. If you had only tried to understand instead of criticising and mocking. . ."

Bilu put his hands over his ears. He did not want to listen to them or their arguments. This would go on. Probably for hours. Bilu and his playground would be forgotton. Nobody was interested in solving Bilu's problem. Now that Choudhury Babu has decided to build his four-storeyed house, where would Bilu play? Where?

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

A perfect pastry is a triumph. The secret lies in cool working conditions at every stage, as little handling as possible and a very hot oven. Among the different types of pastry, shortcrust, puff, flaky and Danish pastry are the basics. The working method and the amount of fat varies accordingly. Shortcrust is the most useful and versatile among these. Danish pastry requires much less fat but works on the principle of yeast cooking. Puff and flaky are the two types where a lot of work and manipulation is required. Yet with the following simplified methods evolved by MALATI KARWARKAR and JYOTSNA PADMAKAR, these pastries can be fun to make. They have been simplified to suit the needs and requirements of the busy housewife.

BASIC SHORT CRUST

2 cups flour
A pinch of baking powder
A pinch of salt
2/3 cup solid fat (margarine)
Cold water to mix

Rub fat through flour till it resembles the size of the peas. Sprinkle cold water a little at a time without kneading. Gather the dough in a ball. Use immediately or store in a refrigerator for further use.

JAM TART

1 tsp. sugar, powdered
1 cup diluted jam

Use one tsp. powder sugar to the two cups flour mixture. Make a short rust pastry as given above. Roll out to fit eight inches diameter flan dish, leaving a small portion aside to make strips for trellis. Pour one cup of diluted jam in this pastry case. Form a trellis over the jam. Bake for 30-40 minutes in a moderate oven.

MUSHROOM HORNS

1 cup thick white sauce
3 tbsps.cheese, grated
8-10 mushrooms, boiled and chopped
Few tomato pieces and coriander leaves for decoration

Make a short crust pastry as given above. Roll out 4 rectangles on a floured board. Cut into 1" strips. Roll round the cream horn cases dampening with little water. Bake these cases in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes, till light brown. Remove the cases carefully when slightly cool. Mix white sauce, cheese and mushrooms. Fill into the cases. Spread little of the mixture on the upper surface. Decorate with chopped tomato and coriander leaves.

BASIC PUFF PASTRY

2 cups flour
2/3 cups fat
A pinch of salt
Water for mixing
FOR THE CRUMB FILLING :
1 cup flour
1/3 cup fat

Rub the fat through the flour to resemble breadcrumbs. Keep ready. Prepare the pastry dough out of two cups of flour. Rub the fat through the flour, sprinkle the liquid, a little at a time. Gather the flour together and form it into a ball. Knead this dough slightly and then roll out on a floured board into half inch thickness. Sprinkle a little flour on top and then spread out the above crumb filling mixture, evenly. Tuck the sides slightly inside. Start rolling from one end to make a tight roll. Cut the roll into half. Bring the two seamsides in the centre. Put the rolls one on top of each other, taking care to bring one narrow and one cut end on top of each other. Press the rolls firmly from top. Roll out again on a floured board into a oblong, half inch in thickness.

SULTANA BISCUITS

½ cup black currants or sultanas, pitted and chopped
2 tbsps. sugar

Make a puff pastry as given above. Roll out into an oblong shape. Spread with the sultanas and sprinkle with sugar. Fold the two ends of the roll bringing them to the centre. Fold again in the same manner. Press firmly and stick the two sides. Cut into half inch thick slices and lay them on a baking tray. Bake in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes till light brown. Sprinkle some more sugar if required, as soon as the biscuits are out of the oven.

BASIC FLAKY PASTRY

2 cups flour
A pinch of salt
1/3 cup fat
Cold water for mixing
FOR THE CREAM FILLING :
2 tbsps. fat
2 tbsps. cornflour

Whip the fat till light and then mix in the cornflour. Mix thoroughly. Divide into three parts. Keep aside. Rub the one-third cup of fat through two cups of flour like shortcrust pastry. Sprinkle a little water every time and try to gather the dough into a ball. Knead slightly and divide into three parts. Roll out each part into a thin chappati. Put the three chappatis on top of each other and spread one part of the the cream filling between each layer of chappati. Press slightly from above and fold the sides inside. Roll from one end and form into one tight roll. Cut into half as for puff pastry. Put these two halves one on top of the other bringing the seam sides in the centre. Press firmly and then roll to half inch thickness on a floured board. This is your flaky pastry roll.

PYRAMIDS

6-8 mince meat patties (2" diameter)
6-8 pickled onion rings
6-8 capsicum and tomato rings
Mayonnaise or tomato sauce

Make flaky pastry as given above. Roll out into half inch thickness. Cut into six to eight rounds, three inches in diameter and the same number of rounds in two inches diameter. Bake these rounds in a moderate oven till light brown. Cool completely. Place bigger rounds on a serving dish. Keep patties on each round. Put rings of onion, tomato and capsicum. Cover with the smaller round. Decorate with a dallop of tomato or mayonnaise sauce.

MAVA PUFFS

100 grams mava
2 tbsps. sugar
1 tsp. cardamom powder

Mix together the above ingredients and cook on a slow fire for 5-7 minutes, until the sugar dissolves. Keep aside. Make a flaky pastry as given above. Roll out the dough into an oblong, ½" thick. Cut into 6 squares. Put the mava mixture equally on one half of the square. Fold the other half over the filling forming into a triangle. Stick firmly with water. Bake for 25-30 minutes in a moderate oven.

BASIC DANISH PASTRY

1 cup flour
1 tsp. fresh yeast
1 tsp. sugar
2 to 4 tsps. oil
A pinch of salt
Water or milk to mix

Cream the yeast with little water together with the rest of the ingredients into the centre of the flour. Slowly mix into flour with the help of little more liquid. Make a smooth pliable dough. Knead for some more time, and keep it covered with a damp cloth to rise. Once it is double in size, punch it down and knead it again. Roll it out to half inch thick. Apply some butter or margarine all over, sprinkle liberally with flour. Fold over from all four sides to make it into small square. While doing so, apply a little fat, sprinkle some flour between each fold. Keep this covered to rise again. When well risen, roll it on a floured board and use as required. This pastry when baked has a slightly spongy yet crusty texture.

CARAWAY STICKS

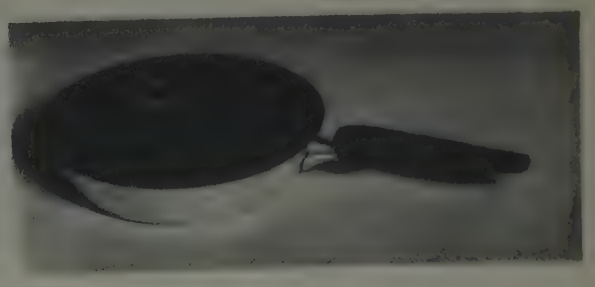
2 tbsps. cummin or caraway seeds

Make a Danish pastry as given above. When well risen for the second time mix in two tablespoons crushed cummin seeds and make an oblong by giving folds in between. Roll into half inch thickness. Cut into six to eight squares. Roll each square crosswise into narrow rolls. Put on a baking tray seamside down. Cover loosely and let rise slightly. Bake at a moderate oven till nice brown. Goes well with any cream soup or gravy dish.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of January will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00 :

1) A non-stick coated 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES and
2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023

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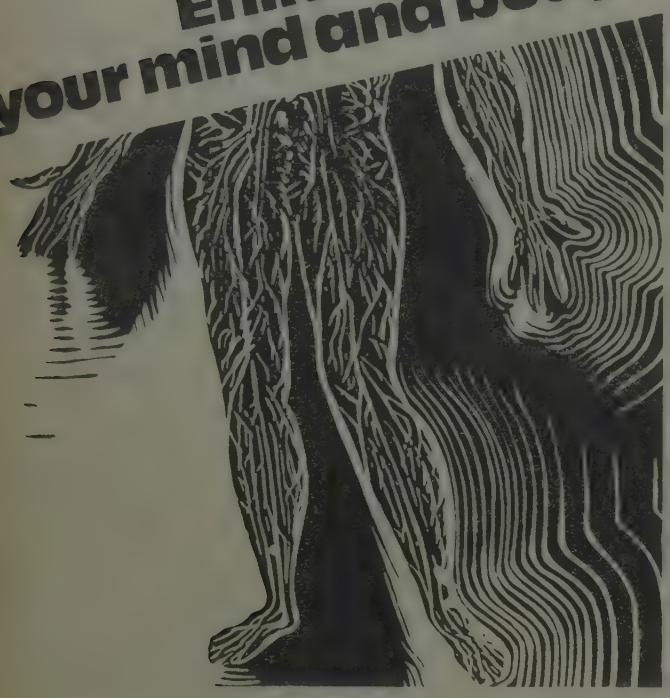
your mind and body



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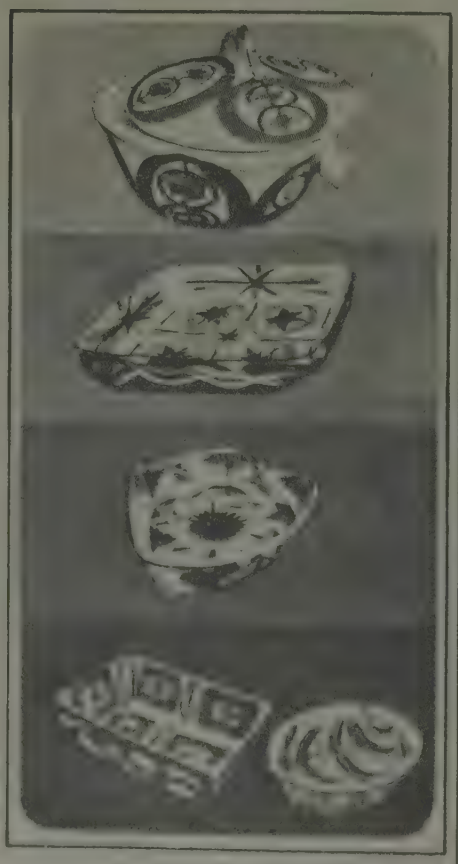

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Savitri Swarup, Bharatpur.

SILVY CAKE

3 eggs
8 tbsps. ghee
10 tbsps. castor sugar
1½ cups refined flour
¼ cup drinking chocolate
3 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla essence
1 tbsps. milk

FOR THE FILLING :

1 tbsp. orange marmalade
½ cup sooji halwa, cooked
7 raisins

FOR THE ICING :

150 grams butter
300 grams icing sugar
1 tsp. orange essence
Red, orange and green edible colour

Sift together flour, chocolate and baking powder, thrice. Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add vanilla essence. Now fold in the sieved flour. Add milk. Bake in a greased tin, eight inches in diameter for about 30 minutes. Let it cool. Slice the cake horizontally into two halves. Spread a layer of marmalade. Now scoop a cylindrical cavity in the centre of the cake about two and a half inches diameter and fill it with a mixture of the removed portion, sooji halwa, remaining marmalade and raisins.

FOR THE ICING :

Cream butter and sugar. Add orange essence. Coat the surface of the cake. After this sets, decorate it by different coloured icing as desired.

Mrs. Vanita Nagda, Bombay.

RAW BANANA RASGOLLA

8 each, almonds, pistachios, cashewnuts, groundnuts
8 cardamoms
Few strands saffron
1 tsp. arrowroot
2 raw bananas
200 grams paneer
200 to 250 grams sugar
5 to 7 drops rose water or vanilla essence
Silver varakh

Grind the dry fruits coarsely. Mix in cardamom, strands of saffron and a little sugar powder. Make a smooth dough of paneer and arrowroot. Boil the banana, peel and mash with little sugar. Dissolve the remaining sugar in water. Let it boil and keep aside. Keep the syrup warm. Make 12 portions each out of banana, dry fruit and paneer mixture. Take one part of the banana and spread out in the shape of a puri. Take one part of the dry fruit and put in a banana puri. Form into a ball. Now make a puri out of the paneer mixture, a little bigger than the banana puri. Put banana ball in the paneer puri. Shape it. Similarly make the other balls. Place all the balls in a syrup and let it boil for 5 to 7 minutes. Remove from the fire and cool. Sprinkle rose water or vanilla essence, and garnish with silver varakh.

Mrs. Meena Raghuraman, Madras.

CARROT RASAM

½ kg carrots
¼ kg tomatoes
2 tsps. pepper powder
¼ tsp. saffron powder
1½ tsps. mustard seeds
1 pod garlic
1 bunch curry leaves and coriander leaves
2 lemons
Salt to taste
1 tsp. ghee or oil
2 tumblerful of dal water

Wash and cut the carrots into finger size bits and chop the tomatoes. Steam and allow to cool. Beat them in a mixer. Strain if there is any residue. Put the mixed contents in a vessel. Add 2 tumblerful of dal water and heat it. Add pepper powder and put the fried garlic pod into it and allow it to boil. When it starts bubbling put off the fire and add the saffron powder. Put the curry and coriander leaves. Fry the mustard seeds in ghee and pour them into the rasam. Finally pour the juice of two lemons.

WEEKLY WINNER

MADHU MEHRA, Gujarat.

Mrs. Mehra wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and a gift from P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

STUFFED PURIS

500 grams potatoes, boiled and mashed
500 grams wheat flour
1 bunch coriander leaves, finely cut
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. parsley seeds (ajwain)
1 tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. black pepper, freshly ground
1" piece fresh ginger, finely chopped
4 green chillis, finely chopped
1 small sized onion, finely chopped (optional)
Butter
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Boil the potatoes. Peel and mash them. Add wheat flour, coriander leaves, cummin seeds, parsley, red chilli powder, black pepper, ginger and salt. Mix all the ingredi ents with water. Add a little melted butter and form into a soft and pliable dough. Roll out the dough into two to three inches rounds. Do not roll them very thinly. Heat oil in the karahi. Deep fry the puris, till golden brown. Serve hot with mango pickle or any other pickle.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Rediffusion/K/1006

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

STUDENT UNREST: one viewpoint

Ajit Singh Bhati

Curiously enough, nearly all that happens in our country, from winning or losing elections to finding one's private faith, can be conveniently traced back to some distant hand or land. According to this principle, we are required to look outwards when the students storm in, to find out the genesis of their behaviour. This reminds me of a German play in which a man who had lost his keys on a dark night, keeps looking for them around a lamp post. His argument: "Here, there is light".

There is no denying the obvious fact that student activism is a global phenomenon. That our students have come of age and would not like to lag behind others, is also understandable. But to what purpose? Students at Berkley agitated against what they thought, the irrelevance of curricula to life-experiences, those at Meerut, to press their demands for mass-copying. At Columbia University, they struck in protest against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, at Kottayam, against a girls' college Principal's decision to raise the walls of the college.

There is no country under the sun that prepares four million students to enter colleges and universities, like we do. China, the most populated country, sends only half a million students up. There has been such an unrealistic vertical thrust that colleges which were earlier meant to accommodate a comfortable number of students, now hold almost ten times that number. Such a big number of youth, if assembled at one place, for whatever purpose, for a substantial period, would by itself fall out with each other.

Our campuses are largely an extension of slum life, where murder, rape, arson, looting and drug trafficking are not unknown. That these crimes should happen on campuses is not quite unexpected because it is the prime characteristic of slums all over the world — to breed crime. What is shocking is that we have to shell out such huge sums of a depleted exchequer, in order to bring these slums into existence. Because of a high density of population on campuses, a readymade organisational complex always exists for any activist to take hold of. Egged on by parochial, chauvinistic or personal motives, numerous small gangs crop up every year fanning waves of anti-intellectualism on the campuses. Fragmentation of campuses into smaller, manageable units, adequately distanced to resist quick mobilization, is worth giving a try.

Secondly, democratisation of education with a view to making education broad-based, along with a liberal admissions policy, resulted in large scale entry of students drawn from the hitherto untapped cross-sections of our society. These first generation entrants coming mostly from deprived homes have affected campus life in two ways: they could n't help bringing their home lives to the campuses giving a severe jolt to the old mores when education was selective and exclusive, and they automatically assumed spokesmanship of the inarticulate masses who had sent them up, bringing about an erosion of the neutral character of universities as arenas for intellectual curiosity. Universities have since then become levers of residuum politics, awarding academic sanction to the ensuing student recalcitrance.

A society can tolerate anyone from a messiah to a martinet to a nincompoop only as long as its life-springs are not clogged from an institutionalization of hypocrisy. Students are very well aware of the hypocrisy of elders in dishing out stale sermons for their own survival. They know that quite a few national offices border on losing their character and not a few institutions of higher learning lie on the periphery of personal estatehood. Their demonstrations, therefore, are as much an exercise in deriving sadistic thrills, as an act of pulling the elders out of their egoshells onto a common platform with a view to forcing them into an intimate confrontation with their point of view, however unsophisticated.

Leadership mainly is an art, and art in any form defies analysis. Our Vice-Chancellors, Directors and Principals should be possessed of the skills of dynamic statesmanship in addition to the obvious ones of a willingness to sacrifice some of their self-interests for the welfare of students and the institution, a greater emotional maturity as a check against an egotistical sense of personal achievement and a keen sense of justice. Merely drawing leadership-size salaries, filling duty hours, religiously enforcing artificial starts-and-stoppages for teachers through coersive bells and not infrequently playing one off against the other, won't get them through to the other side. They will have to build workable bridges to reach the students in order to make campuses effective forums of debate and enquiry.

Downgrading of English standards has obliquely affected life on the campuses. A new breed of "single-book teachers" fed on poor Hindi translations of out-dated English books has started flooding educational institutions, more so in mofussil towns, as if with a vengeance. English books and journals don't exist for them; in Hindi, they are non-existent too. Imagine a teacher, of say Economics or Sociology, having read one sub-standard Hindi book on each paper with not even journals to supplement it!

For want of a regular supply of fresh breeze, such teachers easily identify themselves with students, in matters of taste, manners and reading habits. The teacher and the taught find solace in each other's bankruptcy. Classrooms and corridors stink with cliches, platitudes and commonplaces, and frequently spill onto paanshops, cinema-houses and private lesson-sessions at home. Campuses sizzle with irrelevance, and meaninglessness always ready to explode without a fuse.

And finally the students get off the conveyor belts of education, to discover they have nowhere to go. There exists no market to buy them off for whatever they are worth. This ever increasing backlog constantly backlashes the unending stream of functional illiterates being forged, sending tremors down the walls of universities. All this entails a hard look before the system grinds to a halt, as the psychological support system that has been built to hang on to learned responses, for safe and secure pay offs, is quite self-defeating.

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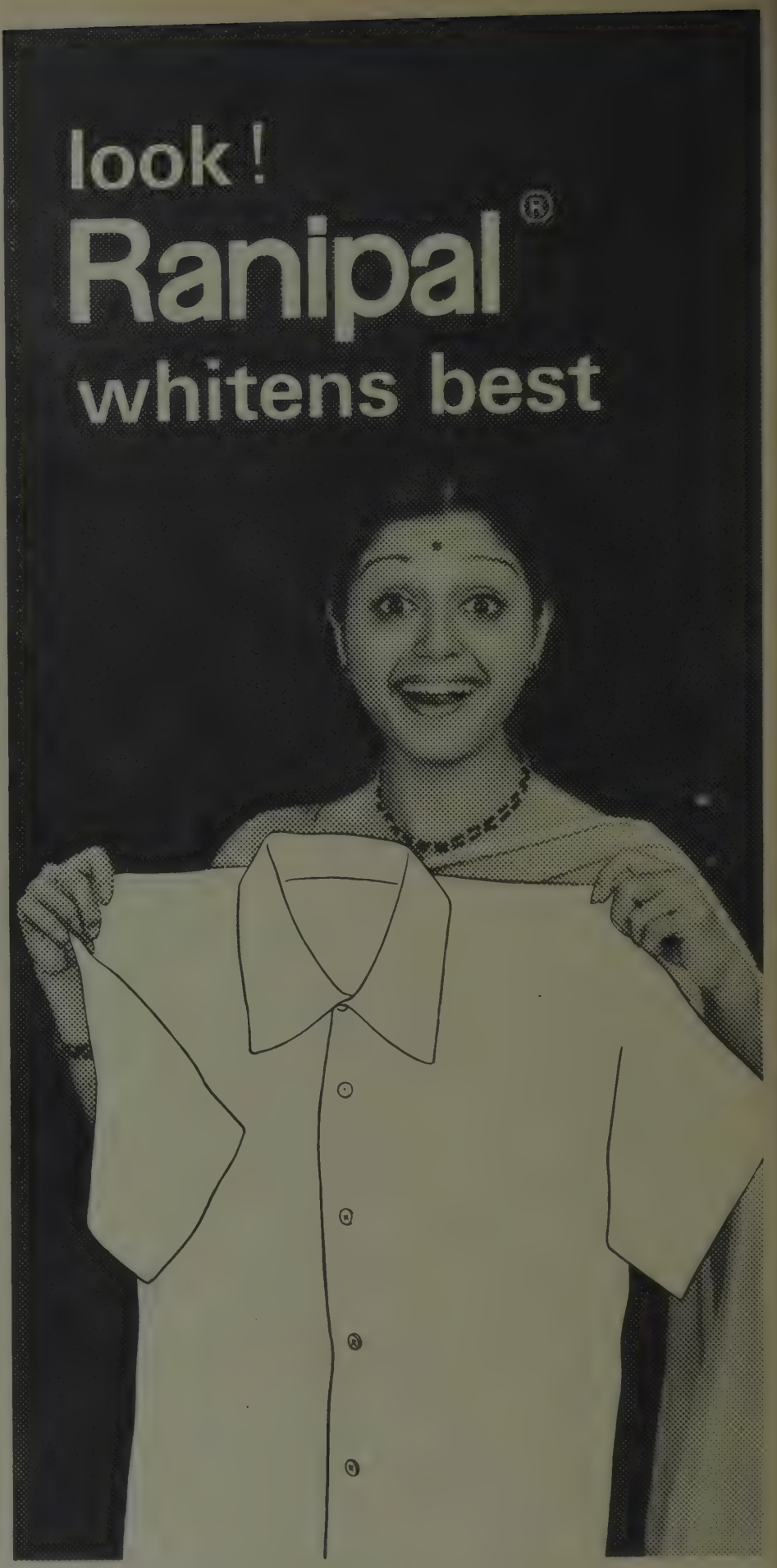

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PASSING THROUGH

MAUREEN SANDERSON

DEVOTION TO THE DANCE

Shanti Gopalan

The ancient art of Bharath Natya is slowly losing its glory in India but Maureen Sanderson is of the opinion that it is gaining momentum in other countries especially in Canada.

Born in Edmonton, Canada, she finished her studies in Vancouver. From childhood she was interested in dancing and learnt various dance forms including classical and modern ballet, Spanish classical and Flamenco. She attended the University of British Columbia (Canada) and the University of Washington (U.S.A.) and went to London for further training in dance and drama at the Asian Music School.

"My meeting with Smt. Balasundari, the famous Sri Lankan dance exponent, altered the course of my life. Through her, I understood that Bharath Natya is not merely an exhibition of virtuosity but a complete dedication to God, and is the symbol of divine harmony."

Intensive training for four years under Balasundari made Maureen's Arangetram possible. It took place in London and being the first of its kind in the western world, it was much acclaimed.

"After continuing with Balasundari for some more years, I returned to North America. The urge to learn the art to perfection lay deep in my mind. Luckily, I got a scholarship from the American Society for Eastern Arts and a grant from the Canada Council to do master classes in San Francisco, U.S.A. with the world renowned Balasaraswathi," Maureen beamed.

As the thirst for perfecting the art could not be quenched, Maureen came to India to train under the banner of Kalakshetra. In 1975 she got a scholarship from the Canada Council. She did advanced studies under Shri Adayar K. Lakshman, Smt. Kalanidhi Narayan and Shri and Smt. Dhananjayan. She is also a member of the 'Bharatha Kalanjali' the Indian dance company, managed by the Dhananjayans. She has given solo performances in Canada, U.S.A., Europe, the Middle East, India and Sri Lanka.

She has taught Bharath Natya in Canada and also made a documentary on Bharath Natya or television.

In 1976, she came back to India, this time to learn Odissi.

"I have been attracted to India from my childhood. I met many Indians settled in Canada, but I should say I have learnt much about India through books which inspired me to visit India. I once witnessed a Bharath Natya programme by a visiting artiste at my University in America. I was fascinated and the idea to learn Bharath Natya must have formed in my mind then."

"But I should say I am much disappointed. I was very attracted towards Indian philosophy. I accepted it whole heartedly except for some superstitions. I had always thought that Indian people staunchly believed in their religion. But alas, when I came to India, I found that this was not so.

"The same goes for Bharath Natya. I find very few people dedicated to the art. I have even changed my name to 'Madurika'. I find many people learning Bharath Natya just for the sake of it. The word Bha-Ra-Ta itself means, Bhava-Emotion, Raga-Melody and Tala-Rhythm. But not much importance is attached to them," regrets Maureen.

When she returns to Canada she intends training Canadian students in this wonderful art. "I would also like to write a book on this subject when time permits," Maureen concludes.

NURSERY FOR THE BLIND

Throughout 1979, the International Year of the Child, all eyes have been focussed on the little ones of our nation. There has been a spate of activity and enthusiasm for all children, and the handicapped child has not been overlooked.

For us here, at the NAB-Mata Lachmi Nursery for the Blind, every year is the year of the child; we believe that every child, and even more so the handicapped child, has an inalienable right to reach out for its place in the sun; and the Nursery itself is proof of our total commitment to this belief.

Started ten years ago as a joint venture of the Mata Lachmi Trust and the National Association for the Blind, the Nursery admits all little blind children between 2½ and 7 years of age and arranges for their education, food, transport, uniforms, medical treatment and residential accommodation, free of cost.

After completion of the Nursery course in the Marathi medium, the children continue their education in any one of the existing schools for the blind.

The Nursery also admits multiple handicapped children — the deaf-blind and the mentally retarded blind — and has separate specialised programmes for them. This has been a pioneering venture, for as yet no other institution is prepared to grant residential facilities to such unfortunate multiple handicapped children.

Coming to the International Year of the Child, the Nursery, as its particular contribution, has established an IYC Ex-students' Benefit Fund. This will enable us to offer financial assistance to our ex-students at a time when they need it most, when they need a helping hand to start a career or set up home

The children who come to us, come from the poorest homes, and the vital difference the Nursery makes in their lives and their future must be seen to be believed.

So what we want most urgently is more and more children to take full advantage of all that the Nursery has to offer. If you know such a child, lose no time in approaching us. You will have kindled a little lamp to illuminate a dark place.

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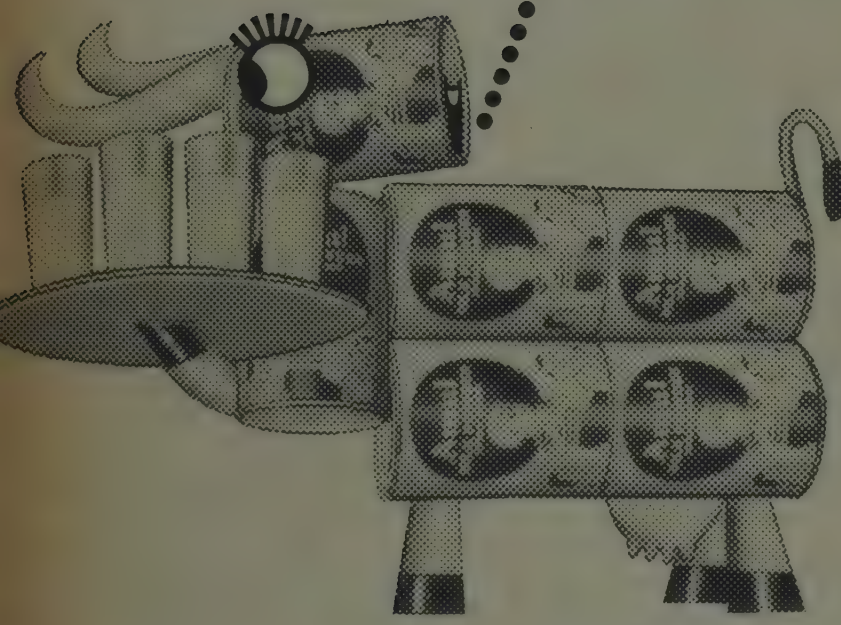

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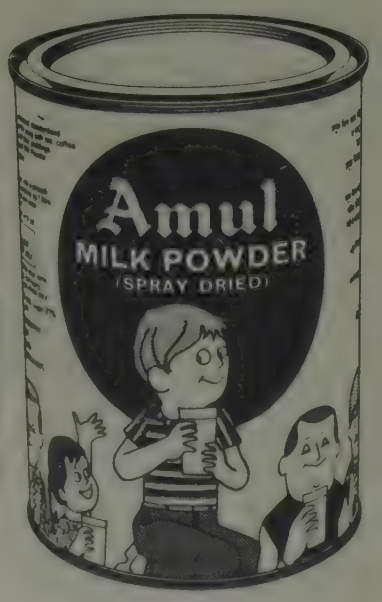

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TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE

O. P. Sharma

In Jammu and Kashmir taking care of about two million children offers peculiar problems because of the socio-economic conditions there and the difficult terrain. Providing adequate medical care and nutrition is therefore a challenging job. In an exclusive interview recently the Chairman of the State Children's Board, Mrs. Mekhla Jha, said that a radical new approach to child development has been adopted in the State.

An action plan has already been drawn up and is being vigorously implemented with special emphasis on mass immunisation, medical care, nutrition and educational facilities in every nook and corner of the State. During the current financial year, a sum of Rs. 92 lakhs was being spent on various child welfare schemes. Besides, an intensive campaign through the mass media to focus public attention on the problems and programmes for children has been launched.

Jammu and Kashmir's Constitution enjoins that "the State shall strive to secure for all children the right to a happy childhood with adequate medical care and attention, and to all children and youth equal opportunities in education and employment, protection against exploitation. . ." In line with these objectives and in consonance with the broad guidelines issued by the Government of India, an ambitious programme has been initiated.

Questioned about the relevance of the International Year of the Child Programme in the long-term perspective Mrs. iha explained that these programmes should be planned and executed not as an independent exercises but as part of the total development effort and in keeping with our socio-economic progress. She said that a 20-year perspective plan for child development will be drafted for the State. She said that during the International Year of the Child firm foundations have been laid for future child development schemes.

Mrs. Mekhla Jha is the wife of Mr. L. K. Jha, renowned economist and Governor of Jammu and Kashmir State, and she is a distinguished social worker and champion of the cause of children in her own right. She has been a very active and effective figure in these fields and answered the questions put to her frankly and with her characteristic modesty.

Q. The year 1979 is being observed all over the world as the International Year of the Child. What is being done in Jammu and Kashmir in this regard?

A. Jammu and Kashmir is somewhat isolated and has lagged behind in child welfare programmes. The International Year of the Child will now provide the opportunity for focussing attention on the needs and problems of our children and launching an intensive campaign. This will lay the groundwork for a systematic and sustained effort for child welfare.

Q. Has any survey been conducted to study the condition of children in the State and specific problems identified?

A. We do have some working data about children though only a few studies have been carried out. However, basic problems like malnutrition, illhealth, lack of education etc. are well known. We have about 20 lakh children up to the age of 14 years. Preschool children need our special attention.

Q. Have you planned out a strategy?

A. A plan of action to achieve our broad objectives has been chalked out. Our main emphasis will be on children in the formative years and those belonging to the weaker sections and those living in distant hilly areas. The handicapped ones, will be given special attention.

Q. What are the salient features of this plan of action?

A. Work on this plan has already been started. It is a comprehensive programme and will give a new content and direction to child welfare in the State. It comprises mass immunisation, health care, nutritional aid and education facilities including an enrolment drive, painting and poetry competitions and such other things.

Q. In your opinion is sufficient attention being paid to carry the International Year of the Child programmes to distant areas and to the weaker sections of society in the State?

A. I can only say that earnest efforts are being made to take these programmes to the masses. It has caught on now. We are moving in the right direction and with determination. One can be quite optimistic about it. Of course there is always scope for improvements and we are constantly planning them.

Our experience is that when a programme like Bal Melas is conducted in far away areas like Gurez, Uri or Kishtwar, it generates an unusual interest in the surrounding villages as well. So we get the maximum public participation.

Through mass media, particularly audio-visuals, we could arouse public interest in our programmes. We plan for libraries and exhibitions on children to be made available in rural areas as in the United States where mobile libraries go right into the heart of slums and educate the masses there.

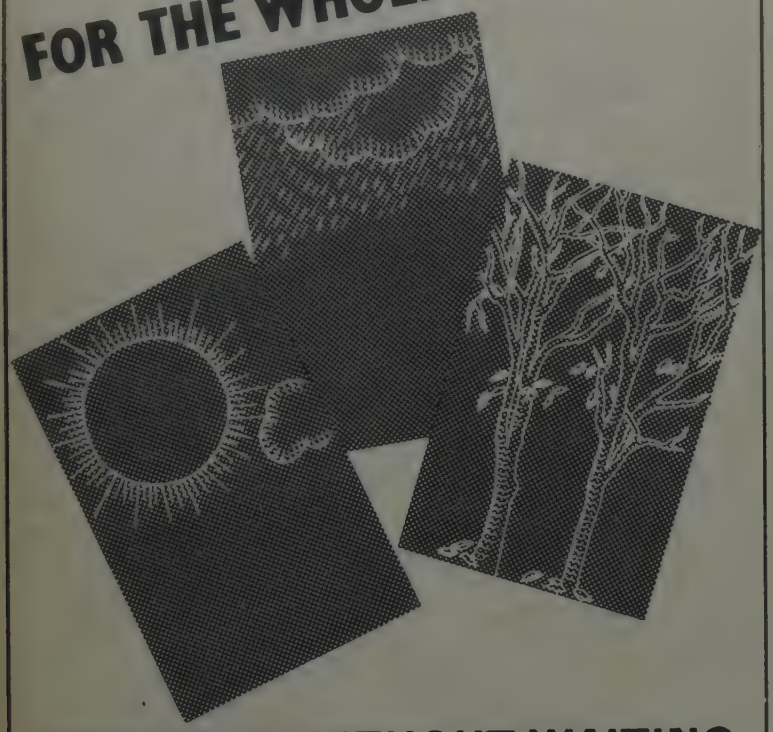
Q. Have the child welfare programmes adequate resources in terms of men, money and materials?

Continued on age 33

ABOVE : A Gujjar woman with her child. Jammu and Kashmir has a population of about 20 lakh children up to the age of 14 years.

RIGHT : School girls at a Bal Mela in Kashmir. The main emphasis is to be on children in the formative years, those belonging to the weaker sections and those living in distant, hilly areas.

FOR THE WHOLE YEAR



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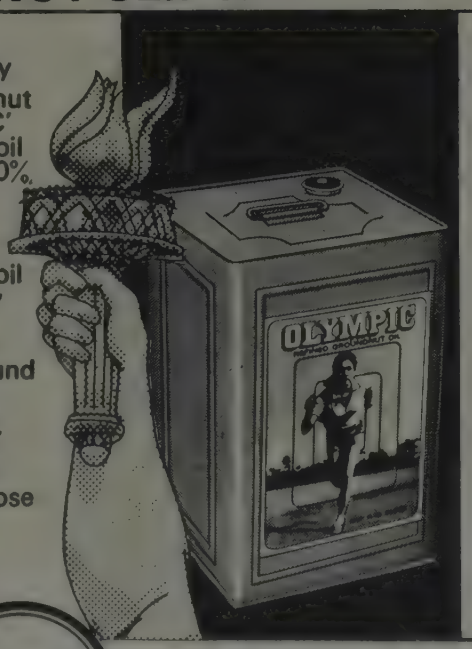

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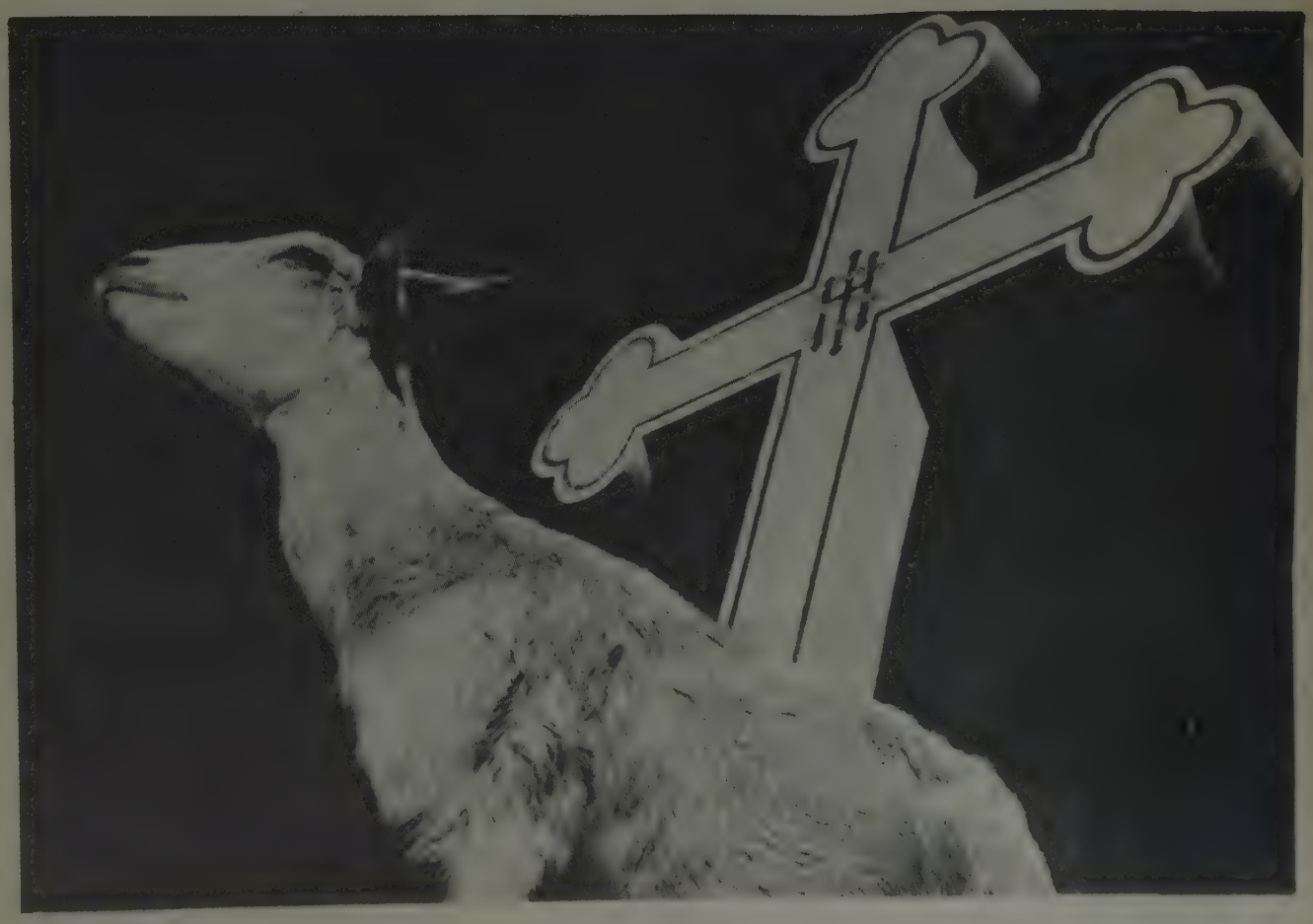

The same subject can be better photographed if you select the correct viewpoint. Move around and select the best angle for the picture you have conceived and are about to shoot. Don't be haphazard about it. See the subject, study it and shoot it from the best viewpoint.

Strolling along with my camera one morning, I saw a goat sitting beside a cross. The first picture shows what I saw. Then I moved around and looked at it in the viewfinder from various angles. When the goat became restless, she raised the front half of her body and looked skywards. I immediately saw my chance and changed my viewpoint till her head aligned with the cross. I took a quick shot.

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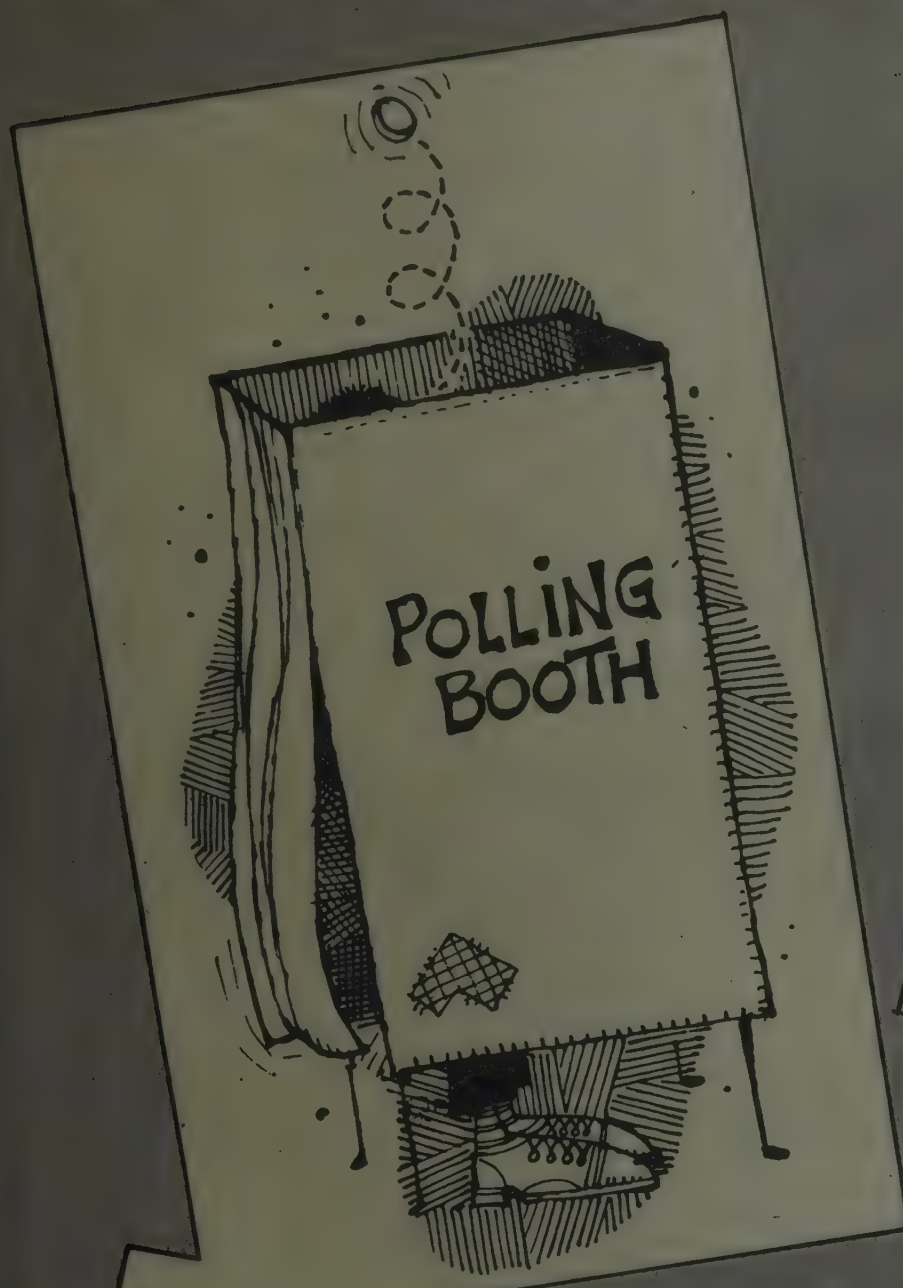

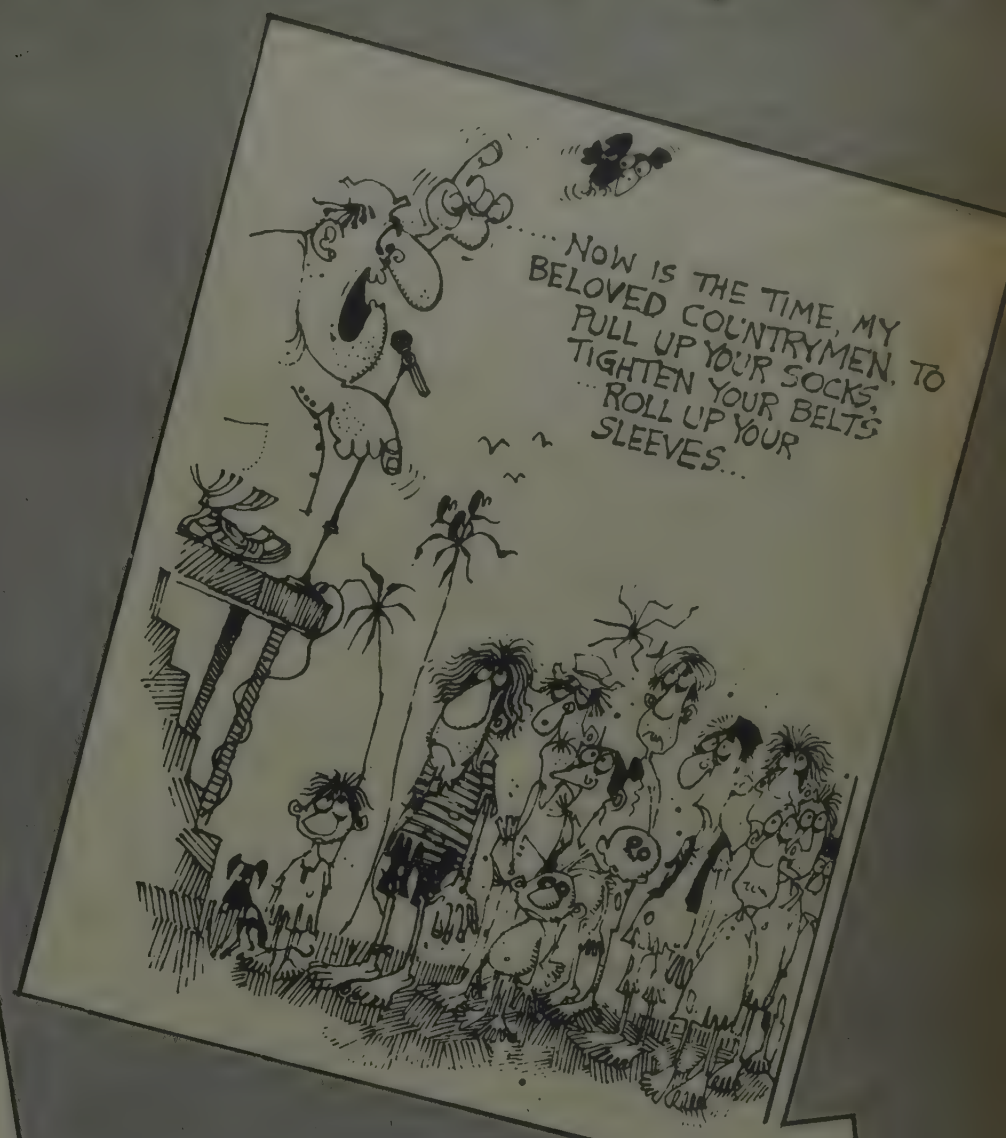

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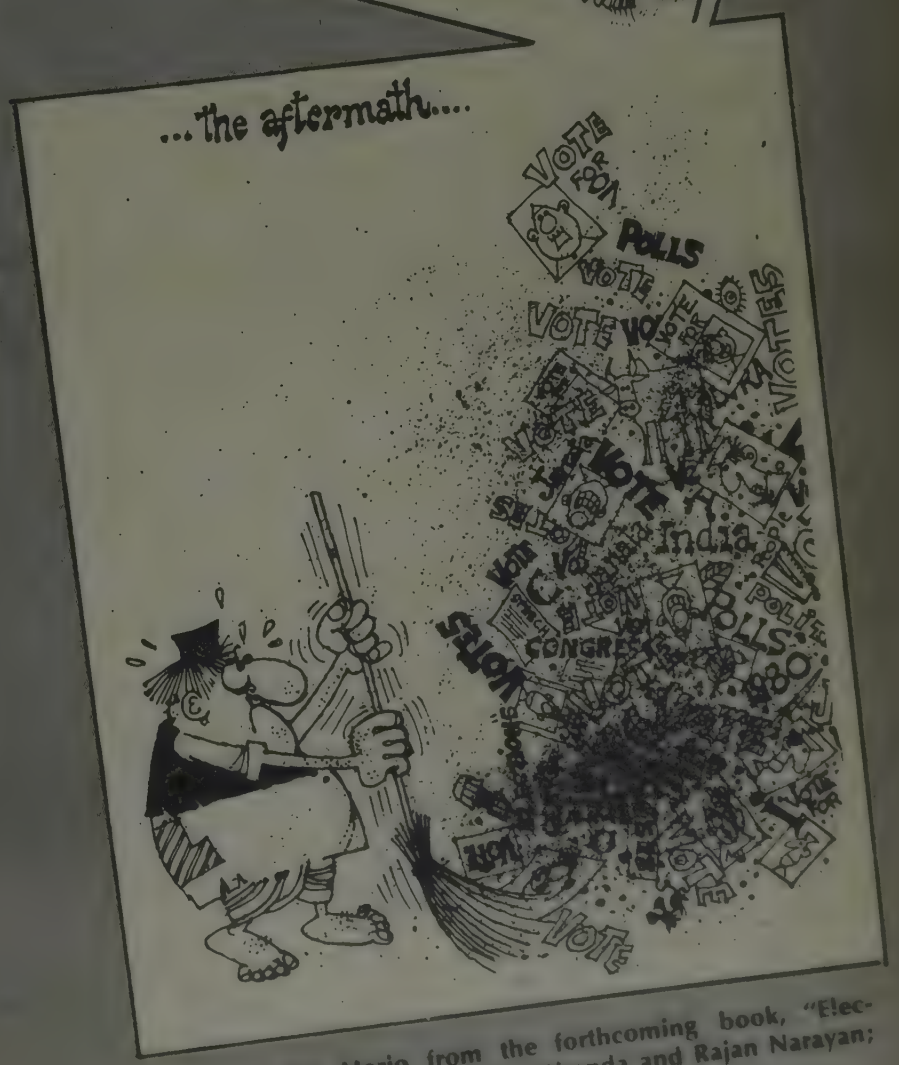


Cartoons by Mario from the forthcoming book, "Elections Indian Style", by Mario Miranda and Rajan Narayan; Jaico Publishing House.

This was the first time Veda had been addressed thus. She looked up. Neela was standing beside the well, her face distorted with pain. In a flash, Veda understood. "Go in and lie down," she said. "I'll phone your husband."

She locked up the left wing and hurried to a public booth. She dialled Venu's number, but they told her he was busy at a meeting.

No time to lose. She went to the taxi stand, hired one, and took Neela to the hospital. After admitting Neela in, she phoned Venu again. This time he was available. "Neela has started labour pains," she said. "I have admitted her in hospital." She named the hospital, disconnected and waited for him to arrive. . .

He came within half an hour. Seeing her, he said, 'Neela will be all right, because you have brought her here. Everything you start, you do well. Now go home. Raju will be back from school soon and will need you."

His words sounded sincere, but hollow, too. . . Did he feel ashamed in the presence of her humanity? "Everything you start you do well. . ." What empty praise!

She came home. She thought, "Neela is in hospital. . . Very soon, she'll have a baby. . . Venu's second child. . ."

How unreal everything seemed! And yet, how cruelly real!

Suddenly, she thought of the phrase Neela had used to address her: "Raju's mother." What a lovely name! She smiled. Yes, she was Raju's mother. Nothing in the world could change that. Whatever happened, however Venu might choose to insult her, or humiliate her with empty praise, she would always be Raju's mother.

And, at that moment, a new hope flashed across Veda's mind. Probably her salvation was going to come through Raju. Probably he was going to set right the wrong his father had done.

Venu came home that evening and told Veda, "Neela has had a baby girl. . . an angel. Neela says it's all Raju's mother's blessing!"

"Neela is a good, simple girl. There is no duplicity about her," Veda said.

Venu realised that the remark was aimed at him, at the way he had betrayed Veda's trust. His face turned scarlet. Veda expected his anger to explode . . . but he said nothing.

When Neela came home with the baby, it was Veda who cooked the special food she needed. But she never set foot in the right wing even to carry the food. She made Raju take it via the kitchen garden. Raju would stand outside the right wing, call out "Father!" and give the food to Venu when he came out.

"Come in, Raju," Venu would say, but the boy would shyly shake his head in the negative and run back to his mother.

Time went by.

Neela consulted Veda at every stage of the baby's growth.

"Raju's mother, we have decided to name the baby Usha. . . Do you like the name?"

"Raju's mother, Usha has not been drinking her milk properly. What do you think is wrong?"

"Raju's mother, will you please mind Usha? I have to run to the market for some baby food . . ."

In the afternoons, when Venu was away at office and Raju at school, Neela would come over to Veda's back verandah. They would chat and joke, and sometimes, on hot days, simple Neela would just curl herself and go to sleep on the cool verandah floor, certain that little Usha was perfectly safe in Raju's mother's care . . .

Venu still spent all his evenings with Raju. Only, he would bring Usha with him too, so that brother and sister might play with each other. When he took Raju out for a walk, Usha was invariably perched on his left arm, while Raju's left hand was secure in his right.

Yes. Nothing between father and son changed. Venu took care to see that Raju had enough of everything. Every year, he attended the annual function at Raju's school, beaming with pride at all the prizes brilliant Raju won.

Venu was very pleased with life — A pretty young wife, a brilliant son, a beautiful daughter Usha — And a robot ayah for his son in the form of Veda . . . No clashes in the household . . . No complaints . . . Prosperity, peace and joy . . . Surely, he was the luckiest man on earth.

Very much to her own surprise, Veda realised that she wasn't unhappy either, . . . Among the people around her, Venu was the only person she hated. But the hate merely sustained her; it almost seemed a comfort to hate him. Towards Neela, she actually felt tender; and Usha was a sprightly cherub, full of joy and laughter. She had just to enter a room, and all darkness and gloom would melt away in the splendid glory of her sparkling happiness. It was impossible not to adore Usha.

Yes, Veda wasn't unhappy — because she had begun to hope and dream . . . All her dreams were centered on Raju. Her son, her own flesh and blood . . . Her brilliant, intelligent child, who always stood first in class. She would look at the prizes he had won, a lovely collection of cups to which he kept adding a few each year . . . Each honour he won made the colour of her dreams one shade brighter.

Her son . . .

PART TWO

---

raju's mother

Rukmini Parthasarathy

And one day, her saviour, who would take her away from here and put her on a pedestal, because she was his mother. His mother, whose trust his father had betrayed.

Raju never entered the right wing. He felt a stranger there. He was kind and tender to Usha, but then who could help liking Usha? Towards his father, he was always respectful . . .

What were his feelings for his mother? He wasn't a demonstrative boy, who translated his love into gestures or gifts . . . But surely, she must be something special to him.

Yes, he would grow into a man, land a good job, and then he would tell his father, "I can now support my mother, she has been under your roof long enough, she put up with the way you insulted her because she had nobody to take up her cause, but now I can support her . . ." And he would take her away from here, away from this stifling atmosphere.

Thus did Veda imagine . . . and dream . . . How glorious it was to be Raju's mother!

And Raju grew up and got a job. Veda was delirious with joy. Now he would take her away from this humiliation. With his very first month's salary he would rent a house. Be it even an out-house, it would be her own, she would be the mistress and Venu would feel the shame of the wrong he had done her. He would lose his only son. What sweet revenge!

Suddenly her day dreams were interrupted and looking up, she saw 15-year-old Usha standing at the door, her face wearing a smile of dazzling brightness. For a moment, the beauty of that smile took Veda's breath away.

Raju had once said about his sister. "When Usha smiles, it is like switching on a thousand-watt bulb!"

Veda thought of this remark and felt how apt it was. Usha had always been a happy person. As a baby, she hardly ever cried. Sometimes, when Veda was busy in the kitchen garden, she would hear Usha's laughter tinkle from the right wing like little golden bells chiming in harmony to produce a magical music, exhilarating. And Veda's heart would be filled with a serene peace, and her lips would bless the girl silently.

"Aunty," said Usha. "Don't keep just staring at me! I have good news!"

SHE HAD BORNE THE HUMILIATION ALL THESE YEARS, BUT THE TIME WAS RIPE — FOR REVENGE. RAJU WOULD TAKE HER AWAY FROM THIS PRISON. . . HER RAJU

"Really? What is it?"

"The Matriculation results are out and I have topped the list. Now, what are you going to give me?"

"Anything you ask, which I can give . . ."

"You mean, I name it and you give it?"

"Yes, if I possibly can . . ."

"Then make me your delicious cashewnut halwa! Come on, just soak the cashewnuts . . . I'll grind them . . ."

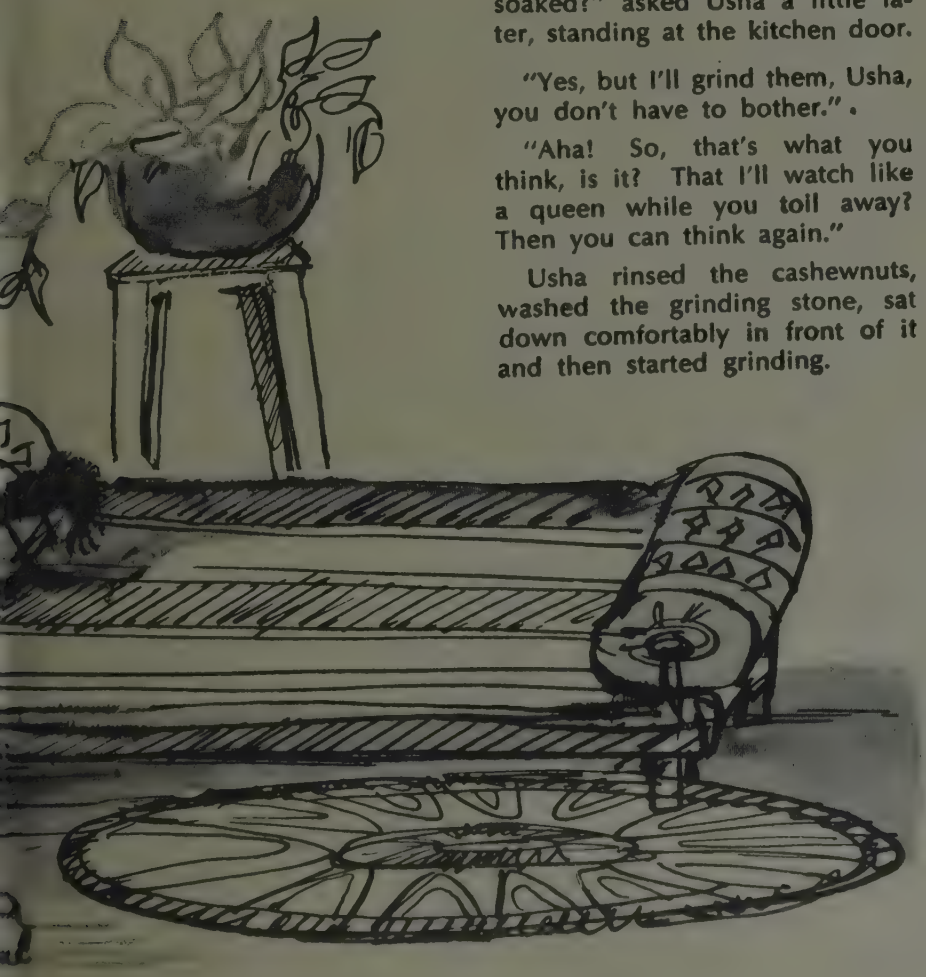
Smiling, Veda heated some water and soaked all the cashewnuts she had. Some hundred grammes, perhaps, not much really, but the halwa would be only a token celebration.

"Aunty, are the cashewnuts soaked?" asked Usha a little later, standing at the kitchen door.

"Yes, but I'll grind them, Usha, you don't have to bother."

"Aha! So, that's what you think, is it? That I'll watch like a queen while you toil away? Then you can think again."

Usha rinsed the cashewnuts, washed the grinding stone, sat down comfortably in front of it and then started grinding.



"You know something Aunty?"

"What, Usha?"

"Raju is going to bring home his first pay-packet today."

"Yes, I know."

"There is sure to be a surprise for you . . ."

"Really?" said Veda . . . How this girl remembers! she thought. "A surprise for me?"

The halwa was ready in half an hour. Veda spooned a large portion of it into a plate, put two dahi-vadas in a separate plate, and gave them to Usha.

"Aha! So Raju is going to fatten himself on dahi-vadas today," Usha said, laughing. "It's his favourite dish, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Keep a bit of the halwa too for him. It goes very well with the vadas . . ."

"He doesn't like sweets, Usha . . ."

"Tell him it's to celebrate my coming first and he'll eat it happily . . ."

"What a beautiful heart this girl has!" thought Veda. "Neela is surely very lucky to have such a wonderful daughter."

It was well past six when Raju came home. He was carrying a couple of cardboard boxes.

Veda went into the kitchen. Suddenly she found she couldn't look into Raju's face. She was so tense with hope, happiness, he was going to be her saviour, her protector.

She put a few vadas in a plate, heated up his coffee . . . Then, remembering Usha's words, she placed a little halwa in a bowl. All her actions were mechanical . . . Her ears, her mind, her heart were all alert, eager to hear Raju speak . . .

And Raju spoke. "Mother, I have a surprise for you." Electrified by joy, Veda turned . . . Abruptly, her eyes froze, her heart became numb . . .

Raju was holding up a sari. "Do you like it, mother?"

"You mean, THIS is the surprise?" she asked, her voice hoarse.

"Yes... And this is for father," he said and held up a ready-made shirt . . .

Gifts for his parents! For BOTH his parents! For his mother, who had been wronged, and also for his father, who had wronged her!

Veda could not bear it. She collapsed in a heap on the floor, her body quivering under her sobs. She cried as if her heart would break, as if her tears would never end.

"Mother . . . mother, what is this? What is wrong?"

Raju knelt beside her and took her into his arms as if she were a child . . . "Mother . . ."

Suddenly she grasped his hand, like a drowning person grasping a straw. "Take me away from here, Raju, you are an earning man now . . . Take me away with you. Give your father what he deserves . . ."

"What he deserves?"

"Yes, if you take me away, it will be like a slap on his face."

Abruptly, Raju stood up, as if her words had stung him like a cobra's fangs.

"Are you mad, mother? Why should I take you away? Your place is here, under your husband's protection. And why should I even dream of slapping father? I love and respect him . . ."

"Even after what he did to me? Marrying again while I was alive?"

"Oh, that!" Raju said, as if Veda was making a mountain of a molehill. "I have no right to question that. He didn't abandon you, did he? He gave you food and shelter. And to me, he has been a wonderful father. He has given me a good education, always been available when I needed advice and guidance. I have spent so many happy hours in his company. Whatever I am today is because of him. I am surprised to hear you talk like this. Really, your logic is fantastic!"

And then he walked away . . .

He gave me food and shelter, didn't he? Yes . . . Like a man gives food and shelter to his buffalo so that it might pull his plough.

Veda's tears streamed down for a long time, blinding her vision. She did not see Usha, who had come to return the little halwa bowl. She didn't see Usha's ever-smiling face grimacing in sorrow and pain.

Summer, monsoon, winter . . . The seasons whirled, time went by . . . life moved on. People who saw Veda occasionally noticed that she had aged visibly in the past few years. She had always been slim, but now she looked downright bony.

She lived from one day to another, without hope or joy. She slept when sleep overcame her; it even seemed a mercy to sleep for a few hours; it had become

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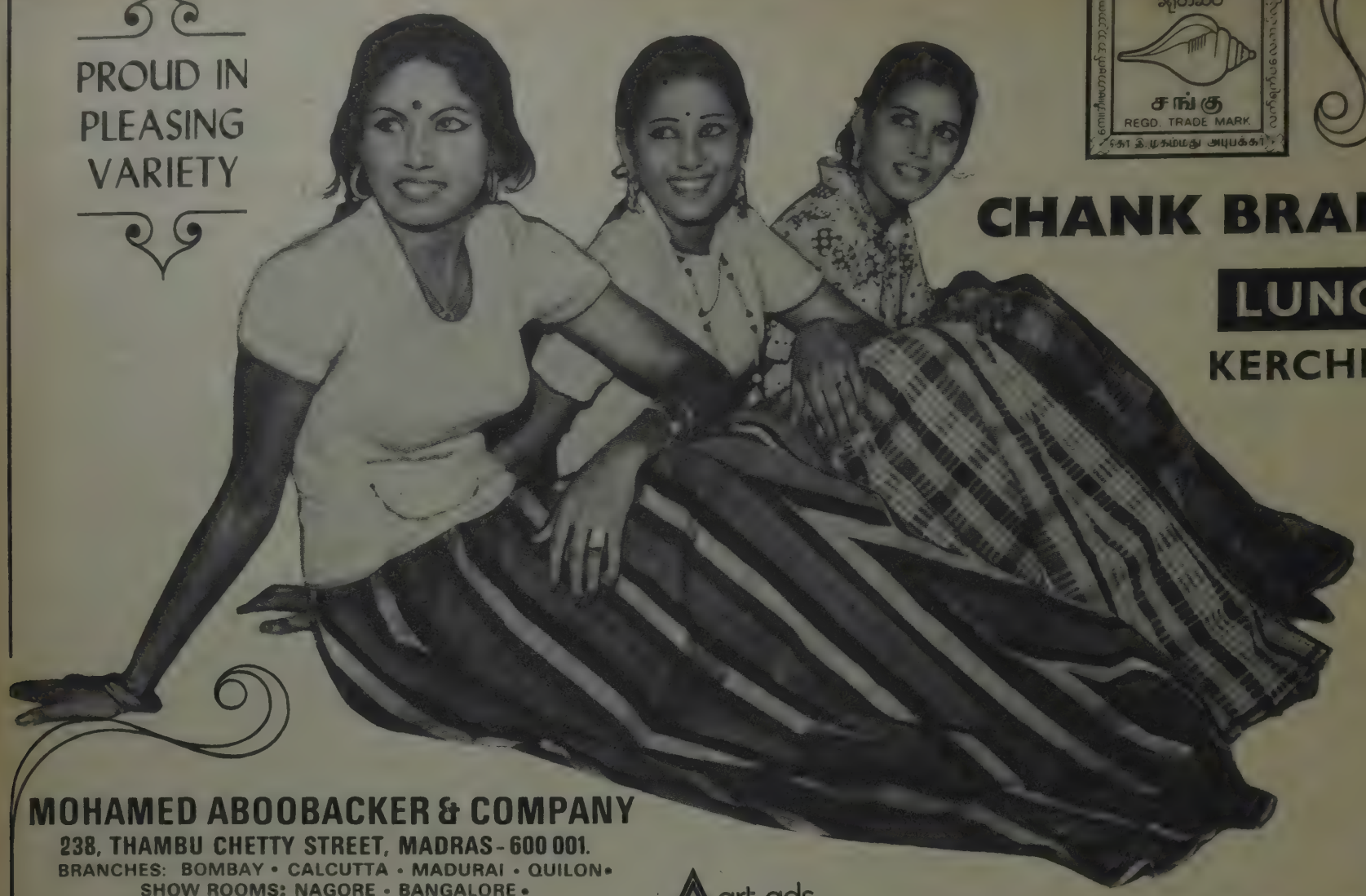

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elusive. More often than not, she spent sleepless nights sitting in the verandah, her back against the wall, looking vacantly at the kitchen garden. When the castle of her dreams crumbled, a part of her had died . . . She had cried then as she had never cried before; but now even tears seemed to have deserted her eyes.

A curtain had fallen between her heart and Raju's — an invisible but permanent curtain. She still cooked for him, washed his clothes but all these chores were now devoid of love and consequently, devoid of meaning. She meant nothing to Raju. He was Venu's son, merely Venu's son . . .

What was the meaning of life? For what — or whom — did she still cling on to her miserable existence? She lived because she still breathed, because she was not dead yet . . . She would spend hours together sitting in the back verandah, oblivious of the world. But often, a gentle voice near her ears would shake her back to the world around her.. . Usha spent more and more time with Veda, sometimes chatting away, sometimes silently watching the old woman who sat lost in her sorrow.. . She came straight here with her books when college was over; she studied in the back verandah overlooking the kitchen garden. She was the only person who could bring a flicker of brightness into Veda's eyes, tell her a joke and bring a smile to Veda's lips.

Veda thought again and again of that disastrous evening when, in a matter of minutes, Raju had shattered all her dreams. How many years she had taken to build her beautiful castle of hope! It had taken Raju just a few sentences to shatter it to smithereens. . . and he had done so with the ruthlessness of his father.

But, she thought, what was so surprising about it all? He had been a considerate child. A child is naturally closer to his mother who feeds him when he is hungry, tucks him snugly in bed when he is sleepy. But once he grew up into a man, Raju automatically understood only a man's point of view.

He loved and respected his father; probably he loved and respected his mother too. . . But his maleness laid down different standards for a man and a woman. His father had given his mother food and shelter. To his way of thinking, his mother didn't have the right to expect anything more. He didn't think Venu had been unfair to Veda or had insulted her. A man had the RIGHT to lead his life as he pleased — his father had merely exercised that right. . .

And now, Veda understood exactly what Venu's thoughts would have been when he married Neela. He would have had no guilt feelings at all; because he did not intend abandoning Veda. He was going to provide her with food and shelter. . .

The castle of her dreams had crumbled. Yes, but it was her fault entirely. She should not have built that castle at all. It had no foundation.

The years slipped by.

Raju was now posted in another town. Venu had suggested that Veda go with him, to cook for him and be the perfect robotayah she had been all along. But surprisingly (to him) Veda had refused.

'But what will Raju do for food?" Venu had asked, shocked at what he thought was Veda's heartlessness.

"He can eat in a hotel," she had said, "or engage a servant..."

Venu had looked at her face then, into her lifeless eyes, at her bony skeleton of a body, at her jewel-less neck and ears, at her cheap saree — and had remained silent.

The years slipped by. Time, to Veda, had no meaning any longer. Only those hours when Usha was with her were real. . . Everything else was only a haze a mirage.

"Tomorrow, Aunty," said twenty-one-year-old Usha, 'I draw my first pay packet. . . I am going to have surprises for everybody; for father, mother and you!"

Veda smiled. 'God bless you!" she said.

Usha smiled back and went away. Veda stood for a long time, comforted by that warm smile. . .

"Aunty!" said Usha the next evening. "May I call father and mother here to this back verandah? It's so cool and pleasant here. . . I have surprises for all of you and I want all of you together when I show them."

"Certainly," said Veda. How could anyone refuse Usha anything?

Usha ran to the right wing and came back with Venu and Neela. She brought two chairs for her parents. After they were seated, she opened a couple of cardboard boxes.

A bush shirt for Venu. . .

A sari for Neela. . .

She placed the gifts in their laps, touched their feet and said, "Bless me!" They laid their hands on her head, on her glossy black hair and blessed her with the fullness of their happy hearts.

She turned to Veda, standing at the kitchen door. "For you, Aunty, I have rented a one-room house a few miles away from here. If you will come with me, you and I can move in there this evening. This is the surprise I have for you!"

Veda opened her mouth to say something, but found the words entangled in her throat. She covered her face. Oh, what a comfort it was to cry, after all these years!

"What nonsense are you talking, Usha?" thundered Venu, getting up from his chair and standing like a monument of anger.

Usha's voice was gentle, yet the words were crisp and clear. 'Father, you are a fine man, a wonderful parent to Raju and me, a perfect husband to mother. You have been fair to everyone — except to Aunty. I am a woman; and, as a woman, I understand how deeply you have wronged and insulted her. If she will allow it, I can set right that wong."

She turned to Veda. "Will you come with me Aunty? Of course, I am not your child. . ."

Veda's quivering voice cut in. "I will come with you Usha. . . and thank you. . . thank you. . . At last I feel I am also a human being. . ."

Venu turned his angry face to Neela, only to find that she was smiling too.

"Let them go," she said softly, her eyes slowly filling with tears. . . "I am proud to have a child like Usha."

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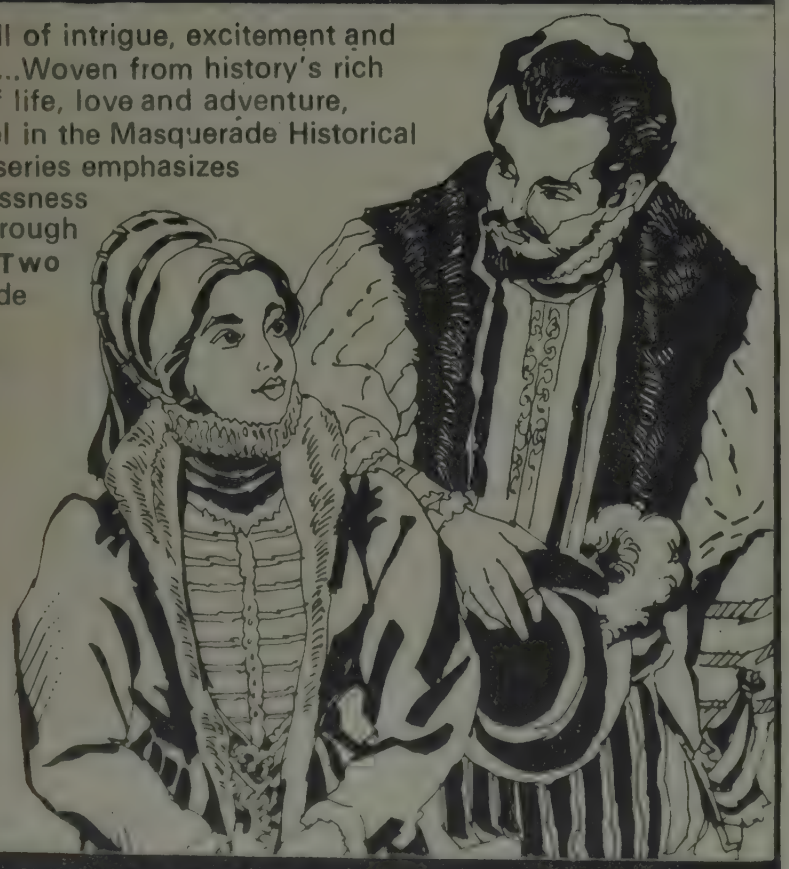

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HI YA HONEY!

By the Wife of an Alves called Johnnie

"A WIFE MADE TO ORDER CANNOT COMPETE WITH A READY MAID"

Some men have what is commonly called the seven-year itch. Ever since married, mine has had an yearly scratch. Since the moment he said, "I o," he has been looking around to see if he could do better. He holds he world's after-marriage-quick-dating-record. Will you believe it honey, I told you that he tried to date one of the bridesmaids on the way down he aisle? He is called in the local club, the man with the quickest eye — or a passing skirt. We have been married for over 30 years now, and I annot remember a day when he was not AWOL — after women or liquor.

It's pitiful seeing my husband toss about all night. Even in his sleep he ounts sheep. This is as a result of the fact that all day he had been busy ounting calves. My husband's favourite pastime is photography. He uses he same technique in his amorous escapades. He is always putting out the ghts to see what has developed. But I must say in all fairness to him that e is very popular with the girls. Even today, at his age, girls go out with im by the dozen. They find it safer than going out with him alone.

My husband is a well-read man. He gathers his knowledge from the Masters. He perfects his techniques from the Romeos of the screen world. Dharmendra, Shashi Kapoor and even Rudolph Valentino could have learnt few things from him. Many years ago, he learnt from Shakespeare that ve is blind. So, from then on, he has been wanting to prove it by feeling is way around. When he makes a mistake he says, "Please bare with me."

Honey, let's face it. We cannot always blame our husbands. My mother sed to say, "One cannot clap with just one hand." For every erring hus- and there are an equal number of females who believe that to err is uman but to yield divine. What beats me honey, and I am sure you've oticed it too, is that the females our husbands fall for, are not always pret- er than we are. The usual logic is, "She understands me better." Certainly he understands them better, because she always sees the better side, if ey have a better side, that is.

My husband lately has been making a fool of himself around a huge hunk of a female called Esmeralda. Honey, she has a past that would make hristine Keeler look like a little convent girl. Even at the altar, instead of aying, "I do," she embarrassed the priest by saying aloud, "Yes, I did." She as very popular in school and college, too. In fact, in college she was un- himously voted "The Girl With Whom You Are Most Likely To Succeed."

At a recent party about a month ago, there were many pretty ladies round, but my little fellow was dancing around one particular female who ad used lipstick with a two inch brush and whose hair looked as if it had een poured out of a cone and glued fast. He was bringing her drinks and ghting her cigarettes. It was a hilarious sight.

My husband has perfected techniques which, if put down on paper, ould make a best-seller. If Dharmendra had taken a few tips from him, ema would have been his years ago. When he sees a well stacked female, s favourite type, the first thing he does is to tell her that she has hidden arms and while she blushes, he starts hunting for them. My husband is great one to put on appearances and is sometimes even chivalrous — goes out of his way to protect a girl from men who have ideas, because turns out that he has the same ideas himself.

Honey, if you ever happen to be with my husband at a party, watch his tics, it's more hilarious than a Jerry Lewis show. He acts as if he has just vented sex and cannot wait to spread the idea around. When your hus- nd comes to this stage, they all do in around 20 years of marriage, just and around and watch. Don't say anything, he cannot do you any harm. y old man is going through his last fling period, when he is not dangerous anything or anybody except his reputation.

Until next time then.

A scientist at Macquarie University in Sydney is attempting to establish a direct link between alcohol consumption during pregnancy and mental and physical deformities in children.

Dr. Nigel Bond, a Lecturer in the School of Behavioural Science, has shown in laboratory experiments that the offspring of rats fed a liquid diet high in alcohol and nutrition displayed signs of brain damage, although at birth there was no observable physical difference from other litters.

Dr. Bond said that doctors who had documented a high incidence of foetal alcohol syndrome (FAS), including both mental and physical deformities, in babies born of chronic alcoholic mothers, were uncertain whether it was a result of the alcohol intake during pregnancy or malnutrition associated with alcoholism.

He said studies using humans had never been successful in determining the cause. Conflicting results have only added to the confusion.

RESEARCH ON ALCOHOL EFFECTS ON PREGNANCY

However, by feeding rats a liquid diet high in alcohol and nutrition (6.5 per cent ethanol, 3 per cent sucrose, 87.5 per cent sustagen and 3 per cent water), Dr. Bond has obtained consistent results that indicate brain damage resulting from the alcohol in the diet.

The average dose of ethanol taken daily by each experimental rat was 14gm. (.49 ounce) per kg(2.2 pounds) of weight — a dose that would kill a human being.

He said the rats were better able to metabolise alcohol, but what they drank was the equivalent of a bottle of underproof Scotch a day.

Dr. Bond said that feeding alcohol to laboratory rats which, because of inbreeding, were affected more by toxic drugs, had produced gross physical malformations, with bones lacking in calcium.

"It was difficult to produce physical malformations in rats with the alcohol diet, but in humans, mental retardation is produced by the foetal alcohol syndrome more often than not," he said.

To determine the extent of brain damage, the rats were put through learning tasks on a maze and in a shuttle-box, to determine how long each group would take to learn a specific task and their capacity to remember and repeat it.

Results showed that offspring of alcohol-fed mothers took longer to learn and their success rate was far below that of the "control group rats." Rats of alcohol-fed mothers also displayed a lack of co-ordination.

"We also found a link between hyperactivity and alcohol in the early stages, which diminished as the rats grew older, but their mental deficiencies remained the same," Dr. Bond said.

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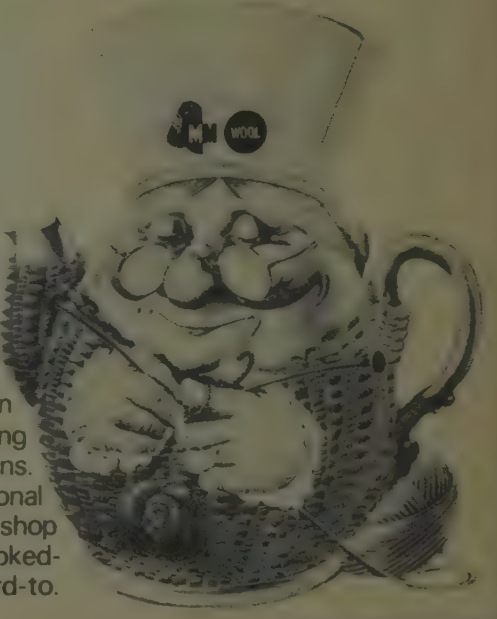

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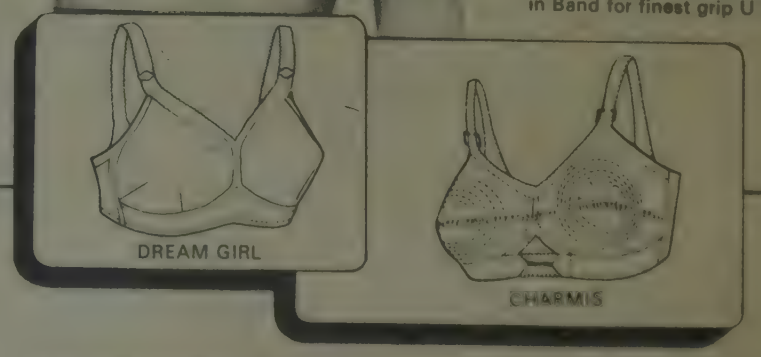

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TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE

Continued from page 43

A. We have gigantic task before us and we eed much larger resources. The Central and tate Governments are contributing accordg to their capacity. A number of voluntary rganisation and dedicated social workers ave also joined in this great task. A lottery being launched by the State Government nd a levy of 25 paise per passenger on deux sight-seeing buses is charged for the Child evelopment Fund.

. Voluntary organisations could play a cruial role in this gigantic task of child deveopment. Are they coming forward in the tate? What is being done to enlist their coperation and participation?

: Yes, some voluntary organisations like the tate Council for Child Welfare, the State Soial Welfare Advisory Board, the Kasturba Gandhi Trust, the Innerwheel, the Lions Club nd the Rotary Club are already doing commendably in this sphere.

Of course, we need many more such voluntary agencies and the general public to end us a helping hand in this noble cause. They should approach and coordinate their ctivities with the Secretary, Social Welfare, &K State, who is also the convenor of the State Children Board, so that efforts are not dispersed and wasted. In fact, I would say hat every citizen has the responsibility to contribute to our programme.

Q. Child care must begin even before the birth of a child. Is adequate attention being paid to this aspect of the problem?

A. It is already in our scheme of things. We try to integrate as far as possible maternity services with the child welfare programmes.

In addition, our strategy is to provide proper education to parents in child care, particularly to mothers, wherever there are centres.

Q. Do you think there must be a monitoring cell which can assess from time to time the progress of the Action Plan?

A. I do, and in fact, I have mooted this idea already. The State Children Board is the standing committee to oversee the formulation, implementation and evaluation of these programmes.

Q. Children's development is a continuing one and your work cannot end with the International Year of the Child. Have you therefore a long-term perspective Plan also?

A. Yes, we are thinking into the future. We have to chalk out long-term child development programmes so that by the year 2000 we have healthy and happy children with sufficient opportunities for development and advancement.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

A RARE WEDDING PARTY

Ranjit sent a wedding card almost on the eve of New Year, requesting us to come to his wedding. The bride's name was not there. Anyway, it was good old Pushpa. For kanyadaan, they chose Sunil Dutt-Nargis who are the pet maa-baap of the stars. Raakhee, for her wedding, had put aside her own relatives, mother, etc. and brought in Sunil-Nargis. Even Dada Burman was also called upon to play some role, I do not quite remember what now.

When Ranjit and Pushpa took the pheras, someone joked that it looked like a film wedding, as Ranjit is always stopped from marrying the heroine on the sixth phera by the hero. So any time a hero might interrupt the wedding.

Said Ranjit, "Not a hero, but some female might come and stop it."

No one turned up, though. With his bride and sense of humour intact, Ranjit got married according to Vedic rites. In the night was the wedding dinner. It was the best wedding party I have attended. Instead of a glum couple, collecting lafafas, and a bored audience, Ranjit and Pushpa moved around looking after the guests. It was like any other hep party at Ranjit's. I suppose it was a rare wedding party, which the bride and the groom enjoyed, too.

Except the Kapoors, the entire filmdom was there — from Amitabh (solo) to Amjad, Sanjay, Shatru, etc.

I was warned by everyone that Sanjay Khan was to bash me up. When he suddenly appeared and enfolded me in his arms, I thought it was the end. Like the Afzal Khan-Shivaji deadly embrace. Instead, Sanjay that night just chose to kiss me. He said he had the power to lift me out of the State, but he appreciated my talent, my sense of humour and for "family ties" (whose family, I wondered) he spared me.

After the kisses he fed me paan, booked me for his birthday party three days later. "If you do not come to the party, I will throw you out of the State," he said and I am in two minds. One says the Khans and I have a relationship stronger than trifles like a one-inch column of "Frankly Speaking", or dostana, etc. The other says they have this Frontier style of inviting a dushman for dinner and then baslhing him up.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

An exhibition-cum-sale of printed silk, chiffon and cotton sarees and ready-to-wear churidar-kurta and salwar-suit pieces, will be held by Nalini Prints of Delhi, at the Aakar Art Gallery, on January 11, 12 and 13, 1980.

* * *

Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, Branch Manager of Life Insurance Corporation of India, was adjudged as the most outstanding (Chapter) Past President of Indian Jaycees at the Jaycees National Convention held at Kolhapur recently, in which 1800 delegates, representing 450 chapters from all over the country participated.

Mrs. Somaiah, who is the Past President of Andheri Jaycees, conducted a number of training seminars all over the country and has been helping her own chapter to carry out purposeful projects for the benefit of needy children under "H E R" (Health, Education and Recreation) programmes adopted by Andheri Jaycees.

* * *

Kshobhini's Festival '80 will be held at the Bhulabhai Desai Auditorium, from January 14 to 17. Artists performing will be Kumar Gandharva in a full session in which he is specially presenting his own creation — the Raga 'Lagan Gandhar' — a "dhun ugam" raga, veterans like Malikarjun Mansoor, Bhimsen Joshi, Vasantrao Deshpande, Ustad Amjad Ali Khan, Shiv Kumar Sharma, Hariprasad Chaurasia and, among the younger musicians, Mukul Shivaputra, Buddhaditya Mukherjee, Madhup Maudzalaya, Gurudev Singh and Zakir Hussain.

The funds collected will be used towards the building of a guru-kul in a little village in Madhya Pradesh — Khajrana.

Kshobhini is a national art group which aims at creating a fresh awareness of the arts among people. A multi-discipline non-profit society founded in Delhi on October 6, 1978, its aim is to make known to the public the heightened consciousness of the artist, to promote a thorough investigation into the inner significance of art and to eventually find the relevance of these to the practical needs of modern life.

* * *

A Seminar in Gujarati on "Our Child" was inaugurated by Mr. Rajabhau Chimbulkar, (Mayor of Bombay), at the Birla Kreeda Kendra. The function was held by the President and the members of the Managing Committee of Stree Mandal, Bombay.

* * *

A function was organised by Mr. Amarnath Malik of Multilevel Learning Systems, India Publishing House on the occasion of the release of the Multilevel English Reading Laboratory developed by Dr. Madhuri R. Shah and Mrs. Kallolini Hazarat, at the C. K. Nayudu Banquet Hall, Cricket Club of India. Dr. V. S. Jha, ex-member, Education Commission, released the publication.

The laboratory provides built-in flexibility which enables a teacher to use it for a specific class as per its need in his/her institution. It can be profitably used where English is learnt as a first language as well as where English is learnt as a second language. It can be used both by parents

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1. "A Pictorial History of Indian Cinema" by Firoze Rangoonwalla was released by film star Sharmila Tagore in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mr. Rock Furtado of Macmillan India; Mr. S. M. Khanna, Vice President, Mr. S. G. Wasani, Mg. Dir., of Macmillan India; Mr. Hugh Campbell, Chairman, Hamlyn group, and Mrs. Wasani.

2. Mrs. Nargis Dutt addresses the gathering at the valedictory function of a Workshop at the Institute of Hotel Management, Catering Technology and Applied Nutrition in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mr. Melvyn Green, Mr. N. Dandeker, Air Chief Marshall P. C. Lal, Mr. John Belfield-Smith, and Miss Thangam Philip.

3. At a Child Welfare Committee function held by the Maharashtra State Women's Council at the Max Mueller Bhavan in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. U. Sathe Mrs. V. Pai, Mrs. T. Taleyarkhan, Mrs. M. Nathani, and Mrs. M. Mathur.

4. Mrs. Vimala Somaiah (3rd from left) was adjudged the most outstanding Past President of a Chapter of the Indian Jaycees at the Jaycees' National Convention held at Kolhapur. Also seen (from left) are Mr. Dinesh Shah, Mrs. Usha Shah, Mr. Ramineni Somaiah, Mr. Anantrai Mehta and Mr. L. J. Pereira.

d teachers to help children improve their ability to read and comprehend.

* * *

A panel discussion on "Woman and the Medical Career" was held by the Indian Medical Association Women's Wing at Avraj Mehta Lecture Theatre, (G. Medical College), Parel. Dr. J. Bhat, Dean, L.T.M. Medical College, organised the discussion.

* * *

The Indian Ostomy Association, under the aegis of the Indian Cancer Society and in collaboration with the Tata Memorial Hospital and the S.N.D.T. Women's University have started a special school for enterostomal therapy training. The School was inaugurated by the President of the International Ostomy Association, Mr. Herman Meijer, at the Tata Memorial Hospital Auditorium.

* * *

The Society for the Education of the Crippled (Child & Adult) recently held the annual prize distribution of the S.E.C. Day Schools at the Tejpal Hall. Dr. Buji Colabawala, President of the Rotary Club of Bombay, was the Chief Guest. Mrs. Mehru Colabawala distributed the prizes.

DELHI

The War Widows' Association organised a one-day Fair at the Panchshila Club to raise funds for the Shaheed Bhawan, which will house a working women's hostel, training-cum-production centre, dispensary and clinic.

There were innumerable stalls of eatables, clothing, handicrafts and games of chance. Manjit Chawla's stall of beautiful dry-flower arrangements proved very popular. She also had on display some exotic containers and vases. Mrs. Gayatri Devi, wife of the Prime Minister, and Gen. O.P. Malhotra, Chief of the Army Staff, blessed the fete.

PUNE

Lt. Gen. A. N. Mathur, G.O.C-in-C, Southern Command, inaugurated "Ishwardhan", a social service centre in Pune, which conducts job-oriented courses for under-privileged children. The centre was started by Sister A. C. Claudia of the Apostle of Carmel Order.

CALCUTTA

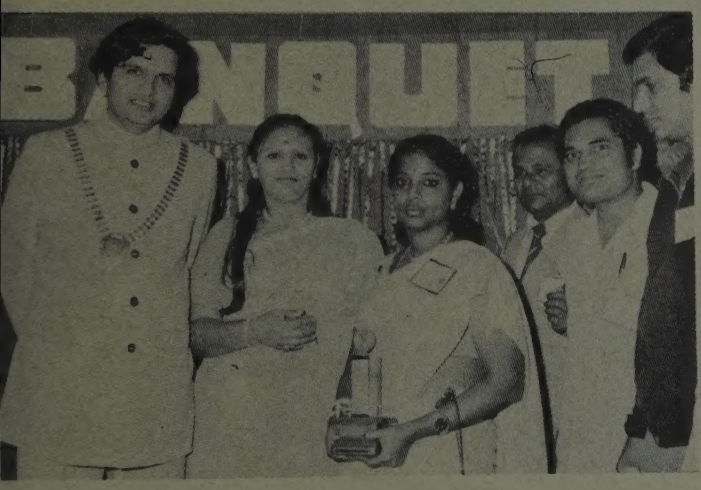
Sunil Das's exhibition of sculptures and drawings was inaugurated at the Academy of Fine Arts recently. Several of the sculptures are intriguing in their composition, especially those in bronze and wood, which depict stylized themes.

* * *

The Group Theatre Federation presented the Chorus Repertory Theatre of Imphal in "Uchek Langmeidong" at Sisir Mancha. The story was in fable form. Damayanti Devi and Indira Devi gave commendable performances.

BANGALORE

The Nehru Smarak Vidya Kendra celebrated the International Year of the Child, with a week-long programme of exhibitions, lectures and cultural shows. The school based the programmes on the purposeful theme of the rights of children. Mrs. Sukesini Reddy and the lady staff members took immense pains to make the week a success. Mr. Sharma is the Head of the Kendra.



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5. Lt. Gen. A. N. Mathur, G.O.C-in-C, Southern Command, presents medals to Reena and Priya Chowdhary at the children's function held at the inauguration of "Ishwardhan", a social service centre in Pune.

6. At an exhibition on rural service held at the Nehra Smarak Vidya Kendra in Bangalore, are seen the organisers with the chief guest, Shakuntala Balu.

7. Mrs. Gayatri Devi, wife of Mr. Charan Singh, visited Manjit Chawla's stall of dry-flower arrangements at the one day Fair organised by the War Widows' Association, at the Panchshila Club in Delhi.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

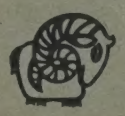
FOR THE WEEK JAN. 13 — 19, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

Make your plans and ambitions known to those who can help you, and they will do so, except perhaps in mid-1980. At this time you must not be too trusting, for people will tend to mislead you, though not always intentionally. Other than this, a progressive year and, especially if born on the 17th, a time of "new beginnings." You will make new friends, and some of these will have a beneficial effect on your affairs over quite a long period. If single, it is in fresh scenes or while travelling that romance could enter your life. Relatives of about your own age will also tend to be lucky for you. In all, give to others, and they will respond to you.

ARIES



(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

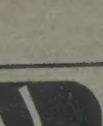
Take the initiative to get things moving. Businesswise, things will tend to tick over. Happenings behind the scenes are working in your favour; in fact, someone may put in a good word for you behind your back.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

A lively influence affects intimate relationships, both family and romantic. Your charm and appeal will be valuable assets this week. Cash should be more plentiful after recent difficulties.

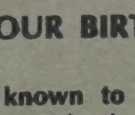
GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

You can expect life to be much more rewarding as 1980 proceeds. This week, you'll be thrown together with new people who attract you and one person will perhaps become important to you. Stars will soon bring business changes.

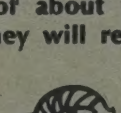
CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

As this week ends, Mercury moves out of opposition to Cancer. You've had a busy, expensive time lately, but the trend is upward for you very soon. Let others take the lead until the end of this month.

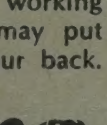
LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

You will be in the mood for a change of scene. However, don't be too eager to take on extra tasks — these will come in any case, in the near future. The next few weeks will bring minor problems.

VIRGO



(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Vitality is at a peak, but don't expect others to keep up with you! Yet, business colleagues will respond to your adventurous ideas. A good time to tie up loose ends, finish off jobs already started.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A super week for romance. If single, there will be happy meetings which hold promise for the weeks ahead. If already involved, the weekend will be exciting, with some minor opportunities coming your way.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

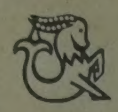
There is luck in travel and fresh scenes; accept an unexpected invitation if it involves a journey. Fix important interviews and meetings for the last few days. A relative and a business colleague will be helpful.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Seek interviews, send off applications, make inquiries, get busy on ideas and plans. Good, also, for signing contracts, making agreements, forming new links. Short journeys will tend to have an unexpected and lucky outcome.

CAPRICORN



(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

A welcome change or some news. A letter or message could settle something to your satisfaction. You may be fixing up a journey for the near future. Keep on the move, get into fresh scenes, cultivate new links.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A very satisfactory phase for close relationships and your ambitions. Health matters are well starred; it is a good time to make changes in your appearance. A confidential meeting will benefit you.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Your stars are keeping you on the go. There will be much coming and going, chopping and changing. The New Moon of the 17th marks a change for the better — a temporary one — when you will get more co-operation from others, and resolve some areas of friction.

Eve's Weekly

Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 8

"HEGMAN"

1. This year's World Amateur Billiards Championship was held in the capital city of an Asian country. Name the city.
2. Name the renowned French writer whose first novel was "She Came To Stay" and who has written masterpieces like "The Second Sex".
3. David Niven, Gregory Peck, Roger Moore will shoot a film in Goa for "The Wild Geese" producer Euan Lloyd. What is the title of the film they are acting in?
4. The F.A.O. issued its first Agricola medal in honour of its former Director-General, Mr. B. R. Sen. Whom did they honour this year with the medal (another famous Indian of course)?
5. In which medium did Michaelangelo create his Last Judgement in the Sistine Chapel in Rome?
6. In October last year one of India's foremost women trade union leaders passed away. Name her.
7. What are the two colours in the United Nations flag?
8. Name the famous lady who wrote "The Scope of Happiness".
9. What is a hydrometer?
10. What country did Italy seize in 1936?
11. With what instruments do you associate Pablo Casals, Yehudi Menuhin, Chopin, Andres Segovia?
12. Name the great writer and opponent of the totalitarian society, who wrote "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others"?

This is the eighth Quiz contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the winner, that is, the person who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided between them. The deadline for the answers is January 24, 1980. Each entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

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8 volumes of milk make 1 volume of cheese.
So much for nutrition.

Cheese tops vegetables

Nothing like cheese to make an exciting feast out of vegetables.
So much for taste.

Cheese has the edge over meat

Cheese for all your meat garnishings.
No matter how it's cooked.
So much for flavour.

Cheese makes the most of eggs

Cheese goes best with eggs. Grated, melted or sliced.
So much for fun

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8 volumes of milk reduce to 1 volume of cheese. Good, rich nutrition that makes a splendid meal.

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